THE BYSTANDER, JUNE 14, 1922.

The BYSTANDER

Summer Number

2/-

Snow White and Rosy Red

Framed by the rosy curve of her lovely lips, her smile reveals the flashing white of perfect teeth. Her beauty blooms triumphant over Time because she knows the secret of a healthy mouth.

Pyorrhea, which attacks youth's radiance as a grub destroys the budding rose, has passed her by. Do you face your tell-tale mirror as fearlessly as she?

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. Its danger signal is tender, bleeding gums. Teeth decay, loosen, drop out or must be extracted.

At the first sign of Pyorrhea, see your dentist for treatment. Then buy a tube of Forhan's For the Gums, and use it regularly.

Used consistently and in time Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress and keep the teeth white and clean, the gums pink, firm and healthy.

One size only, 2/6 a Double-sized Tube, at all Chemists.

Or get it post free from THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4–12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

Exclusive Beach Frocks in Rich Quality Silks

Charming Beach Dress in a rich quality poult de soie, the satin stripe through the silk being so woven as to give the effect of a big check, the tunic is made with becoming V shape neck, the skirt being finished with deep points, and the knickers are cut short and full on elastic waist.

In Copper and Navy.
In Geranium and Black.
In Royal and Black.

PRICE

7 Gns.

In plain Black or Navy Taffeta

79/9

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

EXCLUSIVE CREPE DE CHINE PRINCESS PETTICOATS

THESE smart Princess Petticoats have been specially designed by our own artist and made from really high-grade materials by our own skilled workers.

Catalogue Post Free.

Attractive **PRINCESS PETTICOAT** (as sketch), in good quality crepe de Chine, with new shaped long bodice, effectively trimmed with hemstitching and hand-embroidered spots; suitable for wearing under knitted frocks.

PRICE **35/9**

In Pink, Ivory, Navy, Lemon, Grey Brown, Jade, Flame, Black.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.

LETTERS TO A DEBUTANTE

By "Mildred."

A well-known fashion expert writes on footwear and other fashions. These letters will appear approximately every three or four weeks at the instance of James Southall & Co., Ltd., of Norwich, who have made high-class shoes since 1792. "Mildred" will gladly answer any enquiries as to fashions, etc., if addressed care of Messrs. Southall.

DEAREST MEG,

Grannie is suffering from bats in the belfry, bees in the bonnet and possibly flies in the ointment. Either that or else she is pulling all our legs with her great scheme for July or August, I'm not sure which. She met an important personage in the Educational world the other day who told her about the camp life, or rather "instruction under canvas" as it is technically called, that is being arranged for some of the Domestic Science teachers. In the old days a good cook was a good cook, now she's a domestic scientist. For a whole month they are to live in tents and be taught to bottle fruit and vegetables, and afterwards "disseminate" (two pounds each way if it runs) their knowledge all over the country. Rather hard on the taxpayer who has to foot the bill.

The Art of Walking. Even Grannie remembers the celebrated Madame X who used to give lectures in physical culture in artistic salons off Bond Street. Society simply flocked there. You were taught how to breathe and made to lie on your back and then get up without touching anything. Inspired by the Domestic Scientists and Madame X, Grannie proposes to invite about 20 of her dearest friends to a camp—not too far from London—in order that they may acquire the art of walking! What will happen if it rains, or all the husbands insist on coming too, I don't know. She hasn't sent out the invitations, but she's been sounding her young admirers, and they all seem to have said Yes just to humour her. I'm sure they'll all cry off when it comes to the point!

Impossible to acquire correct art of walking unless properly shod.

The Lightfoot Shoe. Peter, fearing he may be roped in to do the dirty work, is already contemplating devoting July and August to fishing in Scotland. He says I'm to blame for the whole affair, just because I once gave my revered relative a pair of those delightful Lightfoot shoes, with the result that Grannie is now embarked on a propaganda scheme on their behalf, for that is what it all comes to. She intends to present her guests with Lightfoot shoes, because she says it's impossible for them to acquire the art of correct walking unless they're properly shod. Camp or no camp, I must say I don't blame her; there's nothing quite like Lightfoot shoes. Not only do they give a smart and distinctive appearance to the foot, but people who wear them regularly never have to become acquainted with corns. By the way, you'll be interested to know I've discovered a new

Peter has added to my collection.

model. It has a French toe with an open lattice gusset, so be sure and ask your Norwich shoemaker to show it to you. I forgot to tell you that Peter has added to my collection of Lightfoot shoes by purchasing a pair of glacé kid of the Oxford persuasion with a patent toe-cap, which have the advantage of the quarter being laid on the vamp. The Lightfoot "vamp" has nothing to do with the movies, so don't misunderstand me.

Taffetas Bathing Frocks. I had a chat this week with my corsetière—a most important person, I assure you. She is very busy designing corsets for wearing with bathing frocks. Not for going into the water—the best bathers never get wet—but for walking by the sad sea waves at Deauville and places like that. Her latest model is of black satin with cleverly arranged elastic gussets over the hips, and for those of generous proportions—the fat and flighty—she makes "continuations" or brassières to match. Women, she insists, have permitted their figures too much licence, and that's what keeps her working overtime at subtraction. Taking away figures, I mean.

The Rubber Wrap. I rather like those "cross-over" tunics in Paisley printed satin in some of the newest bathing frocks. The apologies for sleeves will be slashed, and so will the knickers, and so shall I when Peter sees the bill. Quite inexpensive, but adorable, are the bathing capes of rubber—not mackintosh, mark you—made in every shade of pastel. They match the little rubber caps which are trimmed with rosettes. All the same, if you want to go the whole hog you must have one of Turkish towelling, with a Japanese design stencilled thereon. It must be cut on coat lines with an adjustable scarf for a collar. Having found one you like, all you have to do is to "take your holiday in June" and wait for the photographer. I will write and tell you what happens about Grannie's camp. I expect to hear at any moment that she's joined the Girl Guides as a Lance-Corporal.

Yours ever,

MILDRED.

Lightfoot

Shoes for Ladies

WHEN you ask for Lightfoot Shoes, you ensure elegance and economy too. Elegance of design inculcated by more than a century's experience, economy both in first cost and in length of use.

There are 31 styles of the Lightfoot Shoe and among them you are sure to find the Shoe you seek.

Lightfoot Style No. T. 13. Ladies' Patent Colt Fancy Lattice Shoe, Louis Heel, Light and Flexible.

Price **37/6** *per pair.*

Nor have you any doubts when you buy a Lightfoot Shoe as to comfort or long wear. The finest materials the world produces, the best work of the most skilled craftsmen — only these can be permitted for the Shoe with the word Lightfoot on the sole.

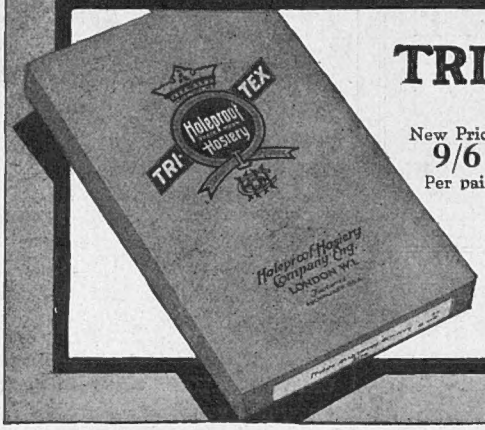
Lightfoot Style No. W. 7. Ladies' Patent Colt Welted Oxford Shoe, Straight Cap, Military Heel.

Price **35/-** *per pair. Also in real Velvet Calf in five distinct colours and Black. Colours 42/- Black 39/-*

That, briefly, is why the word Lightfoot is your guarantee of perfect shoe satisfaction.

Write for address of nearest Agent

JAMES SOUTHALL & CO., Ltd., NORWICH.



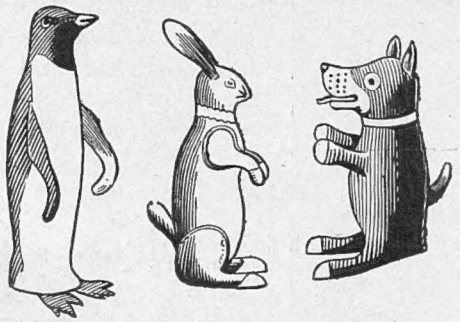
TRITEX SILK-STOCKINGS

New Price
9/6
Per pair

Which shade do you require, Silver, Camel, or Cloud? You need not send money by post; the best shops stock TRITEX. Do not be put off with miserable imitations. Look for the yellow box and the name TRITEX, the original Milwaukee holeproof with fifteen years' reputation. One pair will outwear two pairs of any other make. All colours, one quality, the best.

For nearest Agent write:

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, ENG.
47 & 48, BERNERS STREET, W.1.



Place your hand over this letterpress

and then ask your kiddies to tell you the names of these three

RUBBADUBDUB
REGISTERED

FLOATING TOYS

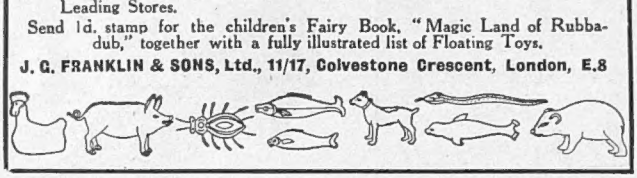
You may ask them to choose which they would like. Some will vote for Pip, some will prefer Squeak, and they'll all love little Wilfred. These are splendid reproductions of the quaint animals which Mr. A. B. Payne has made famous amongst children.

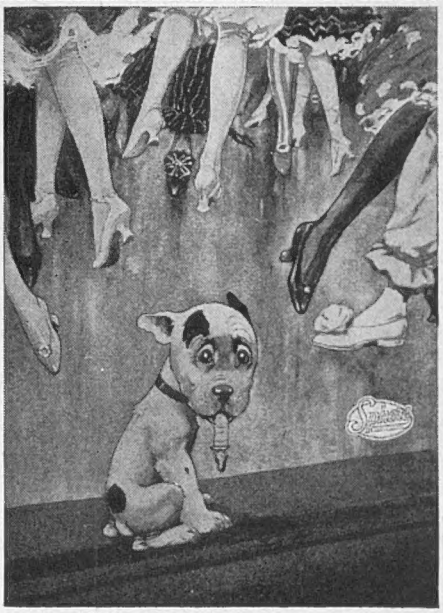
You just blow them out for the youngsters, and deflate them when they are to be put away. Fitted with an improved valve which renders them absolutely air-tight.

To be obtained from Boots Chemists, Hamley's Toy Shops, and Leading Stores.

Send 1d. stamp for the children's Fairy Book, "Magic Land of Rubbadub," together with a fully illustrated list of Floating Toys.

J. G. FRANKLIN & SONS, Ltd., 11/17, Colvestone Crescent, London, E.8





Hi! Stop the Band!

A Lady has dropped her Suspender.

LADIES — Ask your Draper for "Sphere" Suspenders with the La Supreme Button. The "Sphere La Supreme" will not tear your finest hose.

GENTLEMEN — Ask your Outfitter for "Sphere" Braces and the "Sphere Broadway" Garter. The "Sphere Broadway" Garter for men is a new "Sphere" speciality, made of 1⅛in. wide "springeasy" elastic. It is most comfortable in wear, and will not cause varicose veins.

"Sphere" goods are noted for Quality—Finish—and—Reliability

"SPHERE" SUSPENDERS—BRACES—GARTERS.
Manufactured by Faire Bro's. & Co., Ltd., Leicester.

Just Great!—for Golf—

Mr. Smart and Miss Neat on the links are wearing ordinary walking shoes fitted with Phillips 'PRESIDENT' light rubber soles. 'Presidents' are most comfortable and give an excellent grip on turf.

'PRESIDENT' Soles per pair	
Men's	3/-
Ladies' ..	2/-
Small Children's	1/3
'PRESIDENT' Heels per pair	
Men's	1/3 & 1/6
Ladies'	9d. & 1/-

Fixing Extra.

Phillips Rubbers

"Last the time of three"

'PRESIDENT'

New Sports Sweater

Jenner's specialise in fashionable Sports Coats, Jumpers and Knitted Suits for ladies, and have now in stock the latest styles at most moderate prices.

Illustrated Catalogue on request

"FALCON."
Smart Sports Sweater of heavy quality Ribbed Wool, made specially long for rolling up at foot; roll collar. Colours—Champagne, Helio, Yellow, Tan, and White.

PRICE **28/6**
Jenner's pay carriage.

JENNER'S
PRINCES-STREET EDINBURGH

The "LOWTHER" II.

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest soft Felt "Pull-on" Hat. Beautifully light in weight and absolutely waterproof, made in the "superfine" quality only. A most becoming Riding Hat, secure fitting, and for all sporting occasions, golf, etc.; the brim being quite flexible it can be adjusted to suit the wearer, and will also roll up to carry in the pocket. In nigger, tan, light brown, grey, mole, steel grey, black, white, champagne, lemon, cinnamon, cocoa, havana, and a variety of art shades. Price **30/-**

The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees and Double Terais in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

CATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

To H.M. Queen Alexandra, H.M. the Queen of Norway.

ROBERT HEATH
of Knightsbridge.

By Appointment

ONLY ADDRESS:
37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. 1.

ALL NEEDLEWOMEN, from the small beginner to the accomplished Instructress in the Art, like, and use habitually, CLARK'S "ANCHOR" THREADS. These are easy to work with, being Smooth, Strong and Even with a silky lustre. They are in all degrees of fineness; are in white and wonderful unfading colours; and are obtainable at Drapers and Needlework Depôts everywhere, together with transfers, patterns and leaflets of instruction.

Clark's "ANCHOR" Threads are seven in number.

COTON A BRODER — VELVENO
STRANDED COTTON — FLOX
FILOSHEEN — FIL D'ECOSSE
FLOSS EMBROIDERY

All made by
CLARK & CO LTD
PAISLEY

Here is the Best Brown Bread

TENS OF THOUSANDS eat "Bermaline" primarily because of its flavour, for it is a delightful bread to eat. Others, again, prefer it because of the ease with which it is digested and converted into energy and vitality. But the most important feature of all is the benefit everyone—young and old, delicate and healthy—will derive from eating this highly-nourishing bread.

The choicest wheat and malted barley—nature's greatest life-sustaining gifts—prepared by the "Bermaline" process, give to "Bermaline" a food value much greater than that of ordinary bread. The "Bermaline" process not only increases the nutritive value of the bread, but makes it easier to digest.

Indeed, than "Bermaline" there is no finer bread baked. It is a complete, highly-nourishing food, with the added virtue of being perfectly delicious.

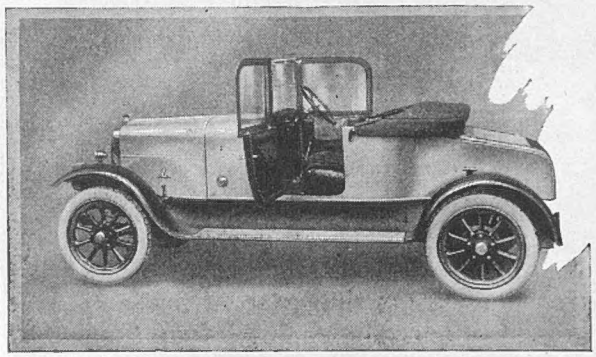
Just try it for a change.

The Proprietors of "Bermaline"— MONTGOMERIE & CO. LTD., IBROX, GLASGOW, supply the special ingredients for making "Bermaline" Bread to Bakers who are agents throughout the United Kingdom. Ask for the maker's name and address in your district.

℗ M2.

"Bermaline" Bread

"A treat to eat."



11 h.p. HILLMAN ALL-WEATHER TWO-SEATER £495

THE NEW HILLMAN ALL-WEATHER TWO-SEATER has received a great welcome from all motorists because it completely solves the problem of providing adequate protection from wind and weather. The efficiency of the windscreen, side windows and hood is complete and beyond criticism, excluding the slightest draught and giving all the comfort usually associated with a closed car. The side windows, which open with the doors, are constructed of celluloid in steel frames covered with hood material, and they can be used with the hood down if desired. The entire elimination of turn and press buttons makes it extremely easy to fix and unfix the side windows. When not in use they are stored under the front seat. The hood envelope is provided with special accommodation for carrying parcels etc. These unique all-weather features, combined with improved all-steel chassis and bodies built by the Hillman Company, at their Coventry factory, result in a car so comfortable, efficient and pleasing in appearance that you must, in justice to yourself, see the HILLMAN before deciding on your new car.

Specification and full particulars from
THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD. COVENTRY
London and Home Counties Distributors—
MESSRS. COPPEN, ALLAN & CO.,
143-5, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1.

Hillman

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

THE ROUTE FOR THE BELGIAN COAST RESORTS.

Via HARWICH and ZEEBRUGGE.

DAILY { (except Sundays from Harwich) (except Mondays from Zeebrugge)

8.40 p.m. dep. LIVERPOOL STREET arr. 8.0 a.m.
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Electric Trams to Blankenberghe, Heyst, Knocke, Ostend, &c.
Boat Express to Bruges, Ghent and Brussels.

ONE, TWO OR THREE DAYS IN BELGIUM.

CHEAP WEEK-END RETURN TICKETS

Every Friday and Saturday, Returning Saturday, Sunday or Tuesday.

Passports not required by British, Belgian and French subjects resident in the United Kingdom travelling with Week-End Tickets.

LONDON TO ZEEBRUGGE.
1st Class, 71/-; 2nd Class and Saloon, 57/6; 2nd Class, 48/-

SLEEP ON STEAMERS AND SAVE TIME AND MONEY.

Steamers equipped in all respects for night travel.

Particulars from the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.2. or from the West End Ticket and Information Bureau, 71, Regent Street, W.1.

H. W. THORNTON, General Manager.

The Leading Ladies' Hairdresser
(30 Private Salons)

"ULTIMA."

An appealing transformation which lends itself to all and every style of dressing. Fascinatingly natural in effect.

Write or call for beautiful illustrated brochure or appro. selection.

EMILE
24&25 Conduit St.
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'The Book of the Ranee Pearl' sent free

Ranee

COMPARISON of Ranee Pearls with other imitation pearls, or better still, with real pearls, can but serve to emphasise the superiority of Ranee Pearls in the one case, and their amazing verisimilitude in the other

RANEE PEARL NECKLETS
with paste clasp, ruby, sapphire, emerald, diamond or pearl centre.

'A' Quality	Super Quality
Length 16 ins.	Length 16 ins.
3 Gns	**4 Gns**
24 ins. **5 Gns**	24 ins. **7 Gns**
30 ins. **7 Gns**	30 ins. **10 Gns**

HARRODS Ltd
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Delicious Cakes and Sweetmeats from the famous firm of Buszards. The name stands for all that is best in confectionery

Rich Dundee Cake
2-lb. size 4/6 (*9d. extra postage*).

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Delicious Chocolates
2/6 & 5/- per box.

All orders over 10s. sent post free in the U.K. Write for price list of other Cakes.

Buszard's
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London, W.1
'Phone: Museum 6160.

Wilkinson
PALL MALL

Established 1772.

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CIVIL AND
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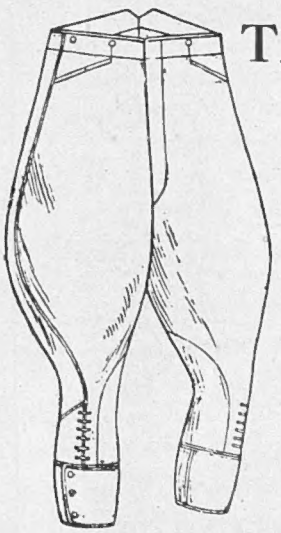

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COLONIAL OUTFITS,
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An impression on brown paper is taken of all garments for future reference. This will specially appeal to country gentlemen and those living abroad, thus obviating a fit-on for future orders.

Self-measurement forms, tape and patterns sent on request.

Ex-Service men are employed in our own workshops.

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In weather that is wet, protect yourself with

"Cravenette"

THE ideal proof for Outdoor Garments in Rain or Shine.

"CRAVENETTE" Proofed Coats for Men, Women, and Children, are obtainable from leading Stores and Outfitters everywhere.

Look for this Stamp.

No Guarantee without.

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If any difficulty please write—
THE CRAVENETTE CO., LTD.,
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COME TO SCOTLAND BY THE OPEN SEA WAY.

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Aberdeen, the famous "Granite City," is of itself a delightful holiday centre, with golden sands unsurpassed in the Kingdom, and is most conveniently situated for those who wish a short itinerary in the famous districts of Ballater, Balmoral, Braemar, etc.

COME NORTH—AND COME NOW!

Bi-weekly Sailings either way June to September.

Ask any Tourist Agency or write to-day for Leaflet "A" and full particulars of Fares and Allied Holiday Tours post free from

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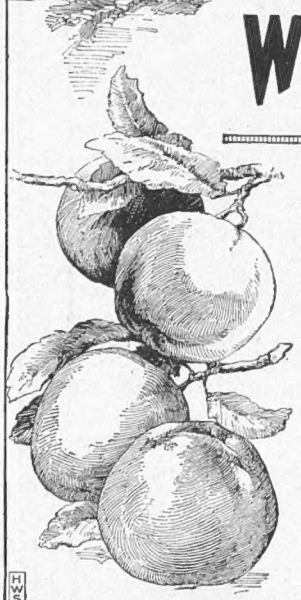
or
HEAD OFFICE: 87, WATERLOO QUAY, ABERDEEN.

WHITEWAY'S WHIMPLE CYDERS



300 Years Reputation.

WHITEWAYS produce, from their own orchards, honest natural cyders, such as can only be made from the delicious apples for which Devonshire is renowned, and by the cumulative skill of fourteen generations of Whiteways.

These famous cyders add pleasure and zest to every meal, and being free from acidity, are really beneficial to those subject to Rheumatism, Gout or Uric Acid troubles.

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING.
FULL OF LIFE AND SPARKLE.

Illustrated Booklet "I" and Price List free.

H. WHITEWAY & Co., Ltd.,
THE ORCHARDS, WHIMPLE, DEVON,
and 37 Albert Embankment, S.E. 11.

The Condor
(Adaptable)
TYROLEAN VELOUR

Produced in all the leading shades in 2 Qualities.

Ask to see a range!

Condor Hats
Produced by—
J. & K. CONNOR LTD
Sold by—
Leading Milliners the World Over.
For address of Nearest Retailer Write—Publicity Dept. 14 Barbican London E.C.

ELIZABETH, Ltd.

45, South Molton Street, New Bond Street, W. 1.

Telephone. Mayfair 3238.

Specialists in SIMPLE AND PRACTICAL COUNTRY CLOTHES.

Pretty country cotton frock in lemon yellow crepe, trimmed cretonne in shades to tone,

5 Gns.

Can be made in various colourings.

Country Hats in a variety of shapes from

35/6

Goods sent on approval on receipt of trade reference.

When it rains—go to Elvery's

ELVERY'S (Estd. 1850) hold the finest selection of ***guaranteed*** *waterproofs at fixed moderate prices.*

LIGHT-WEIGHT "SLIP-ONS" Guaranteed waterproof. Light in weight. Easy to carry. **"Just the very Thing"** for ladies and gentlemen Colours: Fawn, Mole, Navy and Black only **42/-**
Both Loose and Belted designs.

SILK WATERPROOFS (Featherweight). Elvery's World renowned Envelope Waterproof. The most delightful Rainproof Wrap ever produced. A beautiful range of colours and smart designs in Coats and Cloaks for Ladies ... ... **4 Gns.**

THE "HUNTINGDON." The Gentleman's Sporting Waterproof, a really reliable "Mac." for all Sports. From **3½ Gns.**
A similar design made for Ladies.

TAILOR-MADE RAIN-WRAPS, in light-weight Coverts and Wool Gabs for ladies. SPECIAL VALUE **59/6**

Lined Rainproof Silk throughout **4 Gns.**

¶ **ON APPROVAL.** — Send height and bust measurement, together with remittance or London business reference. All moneys refunded in full immediately on receipt of any parcel returned. PATTERNS BY RETURN.

Estd. 1850.
Elvery's
Limited.

ELEPHANT HOUSE,
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(One door from New Bond Street).
London, W.1.
And at Elephant House, Dublin & Cork.

ELVERY'S waterproofs have stood the test of years

'AYTON"

NICOLL'S SUMMER COATS

"AYTON"

A charming model in superfine Gabardine—all the fashionable colours—trimmed narrow braid and lined Merv to tone. Ready-to-wear.

7½ Gns.

DAINTY FROCKS
Nicoll's are showing a number of charming frocks for Summer wear, designed in Plain and Printed Crêpes, Foulards, Georgettes and Satins. READY-TO-WEAR, from **5½ Gns.**

H. J. NICOLL
AND CO. LTD.
114-120 REGENT ST.
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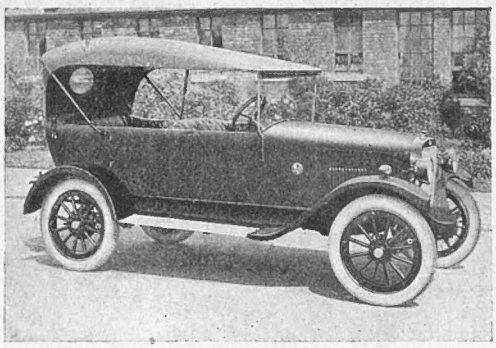
MANCHESTER—14-16 John Dalton St.
LIVERPOOL—50 Bold Street.



OVERLAND BRITISH MODEL ALL-WEATHER TOURING CAR

395 Gns.

(Deferred Payments can be arranged.)

OWNER'S REPORT:—

30 miles to the gallon of petrol.
1,000 miles to the gallon of oil.
8,000 to 10,000 miles per set of tyres.

1922 OVERLAND MODELS

	Gns.
British Model Touring Car	395
British Model 2-seater with double dickey ...	380
Three-quarter Laudaulette	£595
Standard Model Touring Car	£325
Sedan	£535

All prices ex works.

There are over 20,000 Overlands running on British roads to-day.

Why?

Is it because of the low first cost of the car?
Is it because of its phenomenally low running-cost?
Is it because of its wonderful top-gear performance?
Is it because of its ease and simplicity of handling, either in traffic or on tortuous hilly country roads?
Is it because out of over 20,000 on British roads you never see an Overland "stuck"—unless the driver has carelessly run out of fuel?
Is it because Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., carry the finest stock of replacement parts imaginable for cars of all models and dates?

Well, it may be any of these reasons; it may be a combination of them; but there is no doubt about the steady growth of

"THE Overland HABIT"

"ONCE AN OVERLAND ALWAYS AN OVERLAND —THE CAR THAT KEEPS UPKEEP DOWN!"

Early delivery may be had and definite dates obtained from an Overland Agent, no matter where you live.

We should like you to have a trial run; performance will prove our statements.

Write for descriptive literature and name of nearest Agent,

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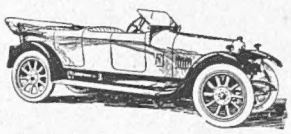

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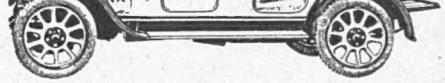

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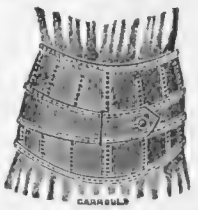

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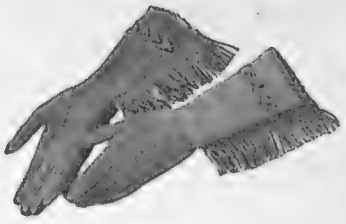

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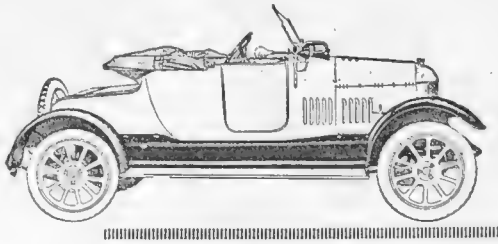

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The Bystander, June 14, 1922 No. 967. Vol. LXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

BY
HOWARD K. ELCOCK

June:

"My dear, I really can't stand this blazing sunshine. I'm off to the snow and ice of the Alps!"

December:

"Really, this biting cold and snow is unbearable, I'm simply dying for the sun of the Sahara!"

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INFORMATION FROM THE OFFICIAL ENQUIRY OFFICE, LUCERNE

IF—

BY A CAUTIOUS ADMIRER of the BYSTANDER
(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

I

IF you can tell me that your Summer Number
Is just as good or better than the last,
If you assure me it contains no lumber
Or whiskered jests from a forgotten past,
If you can say (and say it, mind you, truly)
The jokes are such as can be freely laid
Before an Aunt, and that they won't unduly
Outrage the feelings of a modest maid.

II

IF your contributors have been as clever,
If they have struck the usual happy mean,
If all the drawings are as good as ever,
(And *I* know very well how good they've been),
If you can guarantee an hour of pleasure,
Snatched from a day of anxious toil and pain,
To a tired mortal who, when he has leisure,
Turns to your pages with relief again.

III

IF you can promise me the usual features,
Leaving none out that I expect somehow,
If I may hope to meet the gifted creatures
Who do the "*Comments*" and "*In England—Now*,"
If—you'll excuse me making these conditions?—
You have a series by *E. T. Reed*
Showing (or "showing up") our politicians,
(I must insist on this, I must indeed!)

IV

IF you include that noble band of brothers
Bairnsfather, Bateman, Elcock and "The Tout,"
"*Jingle*" and *Straus, Heath Robinson* and others
"Bystander" lovers cannot do without,
If in the Number there is nothing sloppy,
Nothing contributed by "dud" or "dunce"
Well then—I know a chap who'll have a copy
And—what is more—I'll borrow it at once!

W. HODGSON BURNET.

Who, When & Where.

BY OUR

Society Butterfly

The King's Whitsuntide

THE King and Queen spent their Whitsuntide in London for the first time for many years. The removal of the Court, even for a few days, is a matter of considerable expense, and as the holiday this year fell so close to Ascot, reasons of economy doubtless dictated the remaining in London.

During this week Windsor will be filled with guests for Ascot. I understand that the programme of last year will be followed practically in all details. The Royal party will motor from Windsor to a certain point and there leave the cars for the semi-State carriages for the time-honoured procession down the course.

I wonder if horses will ever be eliminated from our State processions. I doubt it. Motor-cars have no pomp, no circumstance.

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

MISS MARGUERITE NANTON

The beautiful daughter of Lady Nanton who was presented by her mother last week. Sir Augustus Nanton is a very big Canadian financier

The Court

FRANKLY, I am puzzled. Why did so many newspapers write of the Court as if we had never had such a thing in England before? Even the *Times* had a leading article upon it. Yet there were Courts the year before last and, except for the interlude of the War, there have been Courts and Drawing-Rooms ever since anybody can remember, and a century or two before that.

Some of the articles reminded me of a remark made by a former Prime Minister to a young man who now, in his maturer years, is a member of the Cabinet.

The young man was one of a party of guests staying with the former Prime Minister in Scotland. Near the house in which they were staying was an old castle on the seashore. The party went over there one afternoon for tea.

"How odd!" said the young man, pointing to some rocks on the seashore. "When I was here this morning those rocks were covered with water. Now they are quite bare!"

"A phenomenon of Nature, my dear ———," said his host, "which has occurred twice every day since you were born. It is called the tide!"

En passant, that young man since those days has had a good deal to do with the Navy.

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

THE HON. KATE HORNE

The débutante daughter of General Lord Horne and Lady Horne, who attended her first Court at Buckingham Palace last week

Photograph *Speaight*

LADY CALLAGHAN

The wife of Sir Alfred Callaghan, who was presented by the Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair before their Majesties last week

If you guess his name, I haven't told you.

Courts are an annual "phenomenon" of British Sovereignty, so why make all this clatter and fuss?

The Serbian Romance

I DON'T wonder that hope "springs eternal" in what the Victorian poets used to call the "breast" of exiled royalty. Serbia is an example. Some sixty years ago the Karageorgevich family were turned out of the country neck and crop, and the Obrenovich reigned in their stead.

Prince Peter Karageorgevich married a daughter of the late King of Montenegro, and spent years of his exile at Cettinge. When his wife died he retired to Switzerland, and there, in a small villa, he lived with his two boys, literally in poverty. There seemed as much chance of the Karageorgevichs returning to Serbia as of you or I being called to a throne.

Then, after years of scandal—you remember the sordid story of King Milan of Serbia, his disputes

with his wife, Queen Natalie, his vulgar excesses, and his final abdication—came the assassination of King Alexander and his Queen, Draga, formerly his mother's lady-in-waiting. Out of the blue a crown was literally brought to that humble little villa near Geneva. The exiled Peter Karageorgevich became King of Serbia.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

LOOKERS-ON AT ETON'S "FOURTH"

The young Lord Erne, Viscount Trematon, Lady Elinor Gibbs, Lady Mary Cambridge, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, the Earl of Athlone and Col. Evelyn Gibbs watching the historic procession of boats at Eton's "Fourth;" two of which capsized. The weather was real June and the frocks a prelude to what Ascot will be. Viscount Trematon is the Earl of Athlone's only son

Photograph *Bassano*

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK

The Marchioness Conyngham and Mr. Baldwin Raper, M.P., with the best men, Sir Park Goff and Mr. Alfred Pemberton, at Claridges, after the wedding ceremony, which took place at St. James's, Spanish Place. There were no bridesmaids

His elder son, Prince George, proved unsuitable for the responsibilities of Crown Prince, and he was rightly set aside for his brother Alexander, who last week went through an experience known to few Sovereigns in history. In that week he was married and crowned King of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

The marriage makes another link between the Balkan kingdoms—links forged by a woman. Queen Marie of Roumania is one of the cleverest diplomatists in Europe. She made no secret of earlier ambitions in England for one of her daughters. When it became clear that these ambitions would not be realised she turned to the Balkans. And what is the result? Her son, the heir to the Roumanian throne, is married to a Greek Princess; one daughter is married to the heir to the Greek throne; another daughter is now Queen of Roumania's neighbour, Serbia. Queen Marie has still a third daughter and the young King of Bulgaria is still unmated! Who shall prophesy?

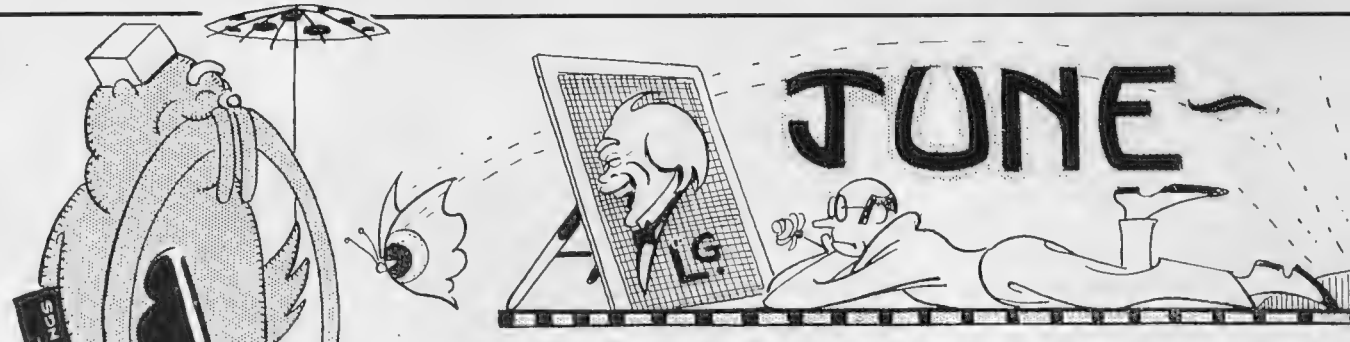
Photograph *Yevonde*

A JUNE BRIDE

Lady Joan Capell, whose wedding to Mr. Osbert Peake, takes place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the 19th of the month. Lady Joan is the second daughter of Adele, Countess of Essex

Photograph] A BUMP AND A SINK *[Sport and General*

The Cambridge May Week opened in a gorgeous blaze of sunshine, but rain somewhat dimmed the enjoyment of the later days. Magdalene is seen being bumped by First Trinity II in the Second Division, who eventually sunk their opponents. The question still is, "Who will be head of the river to-night?"



THE ROSES ROUND THE DOOR MAKE ME LOVE . . .
LLOYD GEORGE MORE.

Whisky and Wasps

"The time has come,"
the Walrus said,
"To talk of summer
things:
How some are nice,
when packed in ice
And some are striped
—with stings!"

A Summer Number

I HOPE this is going to be the Summer Number of THE BYSTANDER. Naturally, such a world-shaking decision must be left to the Editor—he who must be obeyed—and I have sufficient faith in his judgment to twine daisy-chains round the bald place in my thatch, and talk in the idyllic strain suitable to the occasion. If this isn't the Summer Number, it shan't be my fault.

The Pageant of Summer

So many people miss the boat in celebrating summer. They miss the first glorious burst of pageantry when the grass is still green and there is a shine on the leaves of the lime trees. They hang back timorously, until the dust is an inch thick on the hedgerows and then they start singing the praises of a dead thing—with the result that the foreword becomes an epilogue and the prologue an epitaph. We hear a lot about earlier holidays, but that is nothing to my crusade for earlier summer numbers. I *do* hope the Editor is listening—I shall feel such a fool if these notes appear in his Easter number.

Whirled into the Workhouse

How many people read Richard Jefferies these days? *There* was a man who knew how to handle the great Summer problem. As you turned his pages you could hear the roses breaking into bloom and the bees humming. He was a bit of a sun-worshipper, too, and got very close to the mystery of things. He was one of those who could "loose his soul for to out and run on hills that were old when the world begun." I don't think we are breeding that sort to-day. The world is moving at such a rate that unless you are hanging on to it by your teeth, you get whirled into the workhouse.

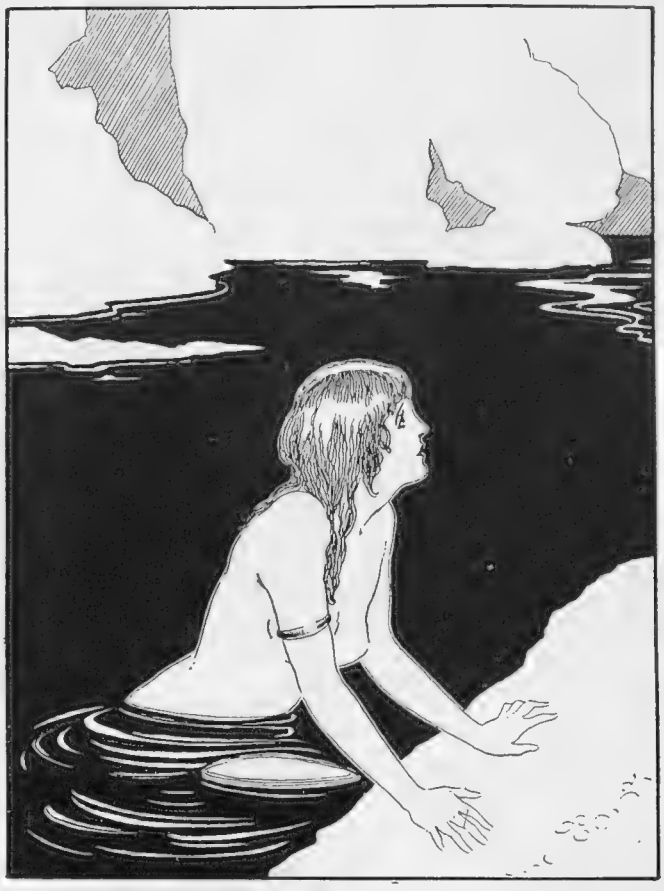
Roses Round the Door

THESE are the days when there are roses round the door, and we realise with a sob in our soul and a catch in the place where our collar-stud lives that the time has come to love our mothers more. But why should we let it stop at that? By all means love your mother more, roses or no roses, but why shouldn't the barometer of our affections register "set fair" in the interests of all concerned? Why didn't our modern Tennyson elaborate his idea on these lines:

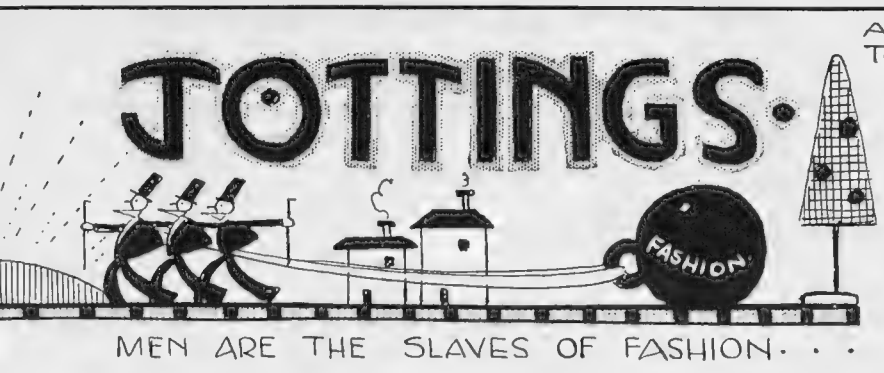
The roses round the door
Make me love Lloyd George more;
I worship Austin C.
And dote on A. J. B.
I'm in a stupor
About Gladys Cooper,
Her "Paula" thrills me to the core,
And even *Tons of Money*
Seems nearly funny
When there are roses blooming round the door.

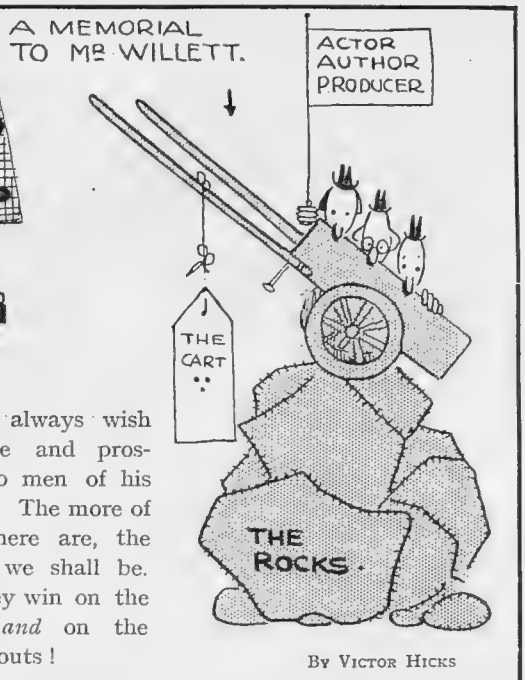
Always With Us!

PRINCESS MARY will have captured the imagination of all young people by securing a week's extension for Eton schoolboys, but I imagine that the bitter cry of the parent will be heard in the land. Parents, nowadays, are *so* unreasonable! They think in terms of pounds, shillings and even pence, and when they find that as the bills grow longer the terms



"Oh! how stupid of me to leave all my things—





By Victor Hicks

get shorter, they are apt to forget that they were boys themselves once. Certain it is that, like the poor, our boys seem always with us—and how grateful we should be for that!

Fortunes from Fun

A PROPRIETOR of roundabouts has died leaving a fortune of £30,000, and I am glad. Not glad that he is dead, but glad that a life spent in the amusement of others should yield so rich a financial harvest. Too often, the greatest rewards go to the man who does least for humanity. But John Green, of Preston, Lancs., deserved every penny he put into his stocking. I can picture him starting his career by allowing ladies to take a shy at his father's cocoa-nuts from the half-way line. Later, he would be promoted to the swings and finally to the roundabouts. It was never my pleasure to meet John Green, of Preston, Lancs., but I am convinced that he was a jolly fellow holding down a jolly job, and I shall always wish long life and prosperity to men of his kidney. The more of them there are, the merrier we shall be. May they win on the swings *and* on the roundabouts!

By Margaret Butcher

—on the opposite page"

Summer Time and the Stage

IT is suggested that a memorial to Mr. William Willett, who gave us Summer Time, should be provided. I would advise enthusiasts to tread warily when they sally forth to collect subscriptions. Farmers have no use for Summer Time, and there is no doubt that it has ruined the theatrical industry during three months in the year:

> My dear Mr. Willett, I learn with regret
> We have no memorial to you—as yet;
> And so I have thought out an excellent plan,
> A splendid idea—I'll explain if I can.
> Since Summer Time ruins theatrical folk,
> Since managers, actors, and authors are broke,
> Why shouldn't each theatre, closing to-day,
> Become a nice workhouse for people who play?
> Reserving His Majesty's, recently shut,
> For Cochran and Charlot and Grossmith and Butt.

Fashion's Slaves

MY remarks on the lack of imagination shown by men in the matter of clothes during the recent heat wave have brought me a letter from a young woman, who says that men are the slaves of Fashion and should be ashamed of themselves. She says, quite properly, that men are always accusing women of having no minds of their own, and yet men will put up with things that no woman would tolerate. Why do women continually glue their noses to the windows of Knightsbridge and Kensington High Street? Because they are continually seeking improvements and added comfort, whereas men's fashions, like the stream, go on for ever.

The Sugar and the Pill

PLAYGOERS are becoming so very sophisticated that they will take a quite professional interest in the International Theatre Exhibition now showing at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Possibly, with a view to ensuring wide patronage, a reception committee consisting entirely of pretty actresses has been formed, but the syllabus of lectures proves that they are only the sugar to the pill. Mr. Gordon Craig has already discoursed upon "The International Theatre," and to-day Mr. Granville Barker has a few words of theatrical wisdom to impart.

Furthermore, Mr. Bernard Shaw will be heard on "The Evolution of the Theatre." For further particulars see small bills.

The Telechrometer

FROM America comes news of the Telechrometer, an instrument which should become universal, for it ensures that the telephone charges of the loquacious shall be increased in proportion to their conversational powers. The present system is so obviously unfair. Take myself! I take up the receiver as I would a viper and drop it like a hot coal—at the earliest opportunity. I am so quick about it that the girl at the exchange apologises for not getting my number five minutes after I have finished. Yet I am charged as much for my call as the lady who spends a pleasant Tuesday afternoon discussing servant troubles with her aunt at Finchley. Fortunately, the telechrometer will change all this. When I get my bill, I shall be able to pay it without selling my War Savings Certificates, while the niece of the Finchley person will get it where she deserves—in the neck. Mr. Kellaway is promising to make the country a land fit for telephone subscribers to live in. Let him instal the neat little instrument that sells speech by the yard, and all will be well.

Zammy of Zummerzet

QUITE a number of budding poets have already intimated that they are prepared to don the mantle of Craig, the Surrey cricket poet, to whom I recently made reference. Other correspondents are anxious to know what's become of Jessop, "since he gave us all the slip." The last time I heard of the mighty hitter he was living down in Somerset, swapping yarns with "Sammy" Woods, who, I am glad to see, is again Secretary of the sporting county which gave us the Palairets—and S. M. A. Woods!

"Ill-Advised Asperity"

THE recent Admiralty order that senior officers whose tempers were frayed at the edges should be placed on the retired list was, as perhaps you remember, anticipated in a quite extraordinary way by W. S. Gilbert. Hast thou forgotten how the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Porter sang with the assistance of his cousin, Hebe?

> For I hold that on the seas
> The expression, "if you please,"
> A particularly gentlemanly tone implants,
> And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

And when Captain Corcoran used the "big, big D," dost thou remember how the excellent Sir Joseph sprang poetically into the breach with this very topical reproof:

> I will hear of no defence,
> Attempt none if you're sensible
> That word of evil sense
> Is wholly indefensible.
> Go ribald, get you hence
> To your cabin with celerity.
> This is the consequence
> Of ill-advised asperity!

The Eighth Wonder of the World

AT a little dinner-party the other evening we were talking of Lord Northcliffe travelling *incognito* through Germany.

"I thought there were only seven wonders in the world," said a dame on the other side of the table. "Lord Northcliffe *incognito* makes the eighth!"

We may be tax-ridden and war-worn, but I ask you, good my people, have we lost our wit? I think not.

A Wireless Weekly

WIRELESS telegraphy in the last few weeks has made such a tremendous bound towards popularity that I should imagine that within a surprisingly short time private installations will be as prevalent as gramophones, and I see that the enterprising House of Cassell have anticipated such a contingency by issuing a new weekly paper under the title, *Amateur Wireless and Electrics*. Under the editorship of Mr. Bernard E. Jones it is, and will continue to be, full of interesting contributions dealing with every phase of this fascinating subject in a practical, informative, and helpful manner, besides containing large numbers of extremely useful illustrations.

By Alfred Leete

"Allow me to introduce you to Miss Jones—the lady you bathed with yesterday"

BY LAURIE TAYLER

"MOTHER OF PEARL"

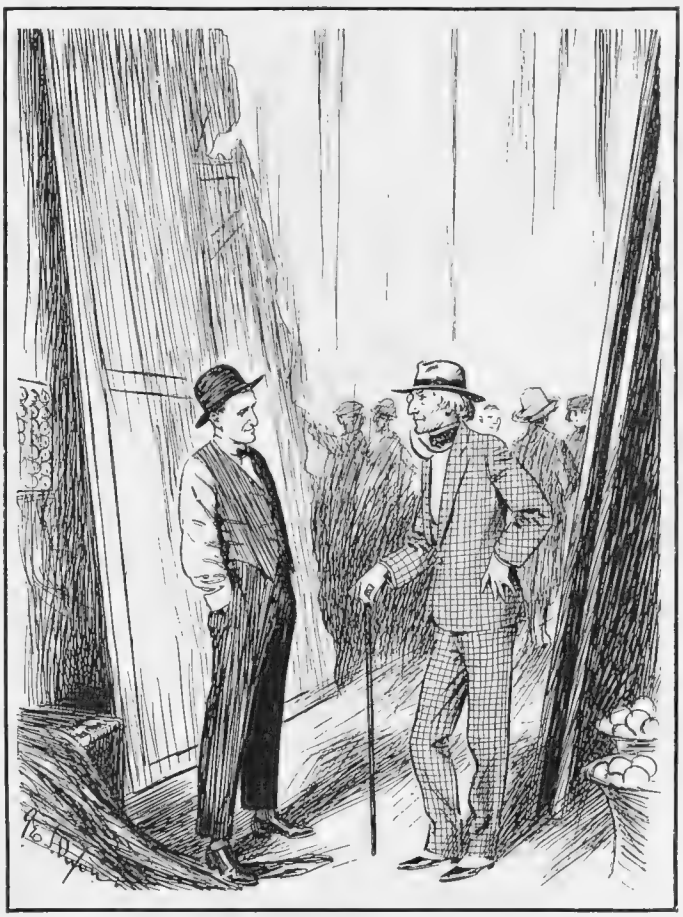
A SNOOZE . . . . . AND—

A Summer Daydream

BY THE "OLD GUARD"

THE summer comes with its murmurs of sweet idleness, and we are minded to go a-holidaying. As we grub our daily way complacently along the bye-paths of the world of letters, pictured walls on every side proclaim to our gaze obtrusive prints of sunny skies and yellow sands and gaudy seas, coupled with an appealing word that bids us come. But 'twas ever borne in upon us that we are not of common clay, and we will not make holiday with the herd. We are not of those that can loiter swelteringly in a crowd of fellow humans at a commonplace sea-coast resort, searching hopefully for a new love, or warily avoiding an old one. An exceptionally gifted creature like ourself needs great heights and large spaces where the soul may grow in grace as the body gains in weight.

THEREFORE have we been moved to-day to lend a sympathetic ear to one who speaks to us of the glories of the Summer Tour. An amiable and persuasive cicerone hath but newly bestowed upon us a bravely coloured pamphlet that pictures for our delight mountain gorges of green and gold reigning in majestic beauty among the everlasting hills. We are, it seems, to be taken by the hand and led joyously through distant foreign parts, now stalking through verdant plains, now slithering valiantly over snow-capped mountain tops, breathing all the while a spice-laden atmosphere fortifying alike to both body and spirit. If momentary lassitude come upon us, we may repose pleasantly in umbrageous glades to the great music of falling waters, or take our ease at our inn in some far-off land of freedom and bulging wine bins. 'Tis a comely enterprise upon which we are minded to set out forthwith, and joyfully will we prepare our scrip and staff to such an end.



By GEO. S. DIXON

BRIGHTON-ING LONDON CHORUSES

"Where's the Guv'nor to-day, Jim?"

"Oh, he's taken his field glasses to Brighton to look for a new Beauty Chorus"

IT has often been our desire to roam at large in foreign parts ere eld and infirmity o'ertake us. For too long have we placed our neck under the tyrant heel of the daily round and common task For the nonce we will brush aside all that savours of vulgar industry and hie us to these fair lands, and fill ourself with their milk and honey, and mountain air, and mountain dew.

OUR friendly cicerone has all unconsciously opened for us the gate of Eden itself. And now, having set our heart on this golden voyage, we are bidden

SILHOUETTES BY H. L. OAKLEY

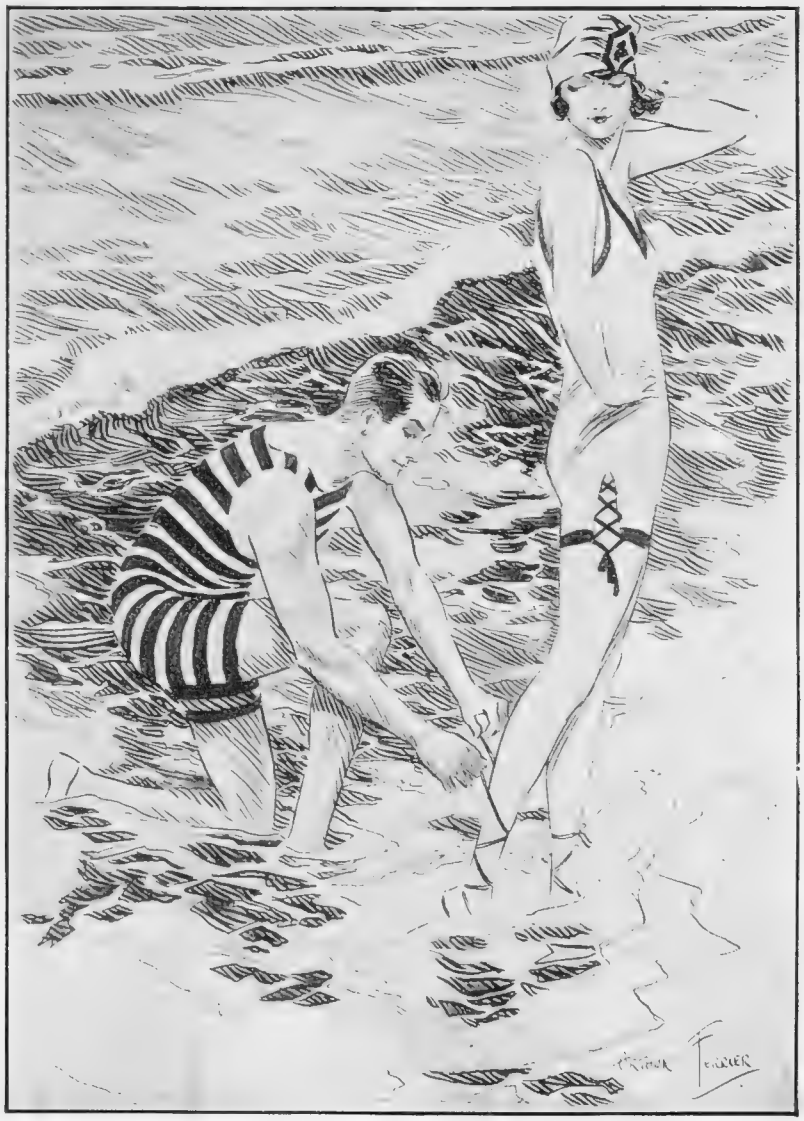
—A SNEEZE IN KEW GARDENS

to turn to the final page of our pamphlet to learn the price that will be asked of us for these simple summer joys. The company, we read, is to be of the most select, and—God wot! but it hath need to be at the price. What the good year! Doth the miserable varlet take us for a Crœsus? To have raised our hopes so high only to fling them low again were a sorry, knavish trick. Such a saucy fellow, one would say, must have been in an earlier incarnation a horse-dealer, that he should ask so much for the little he can give. A fico for his Summer Tour! Besides, we have heard it said that these foreign parts are dark and benighted spots, not worth the prime cost of the journey thither.

ALL that is best of these dreary lands may be seen in London itself, where the curious may buy pasteboard replicas of snow-capped hills and skies of Prussian blue, at so many to the shilling. If it is the prospect of herding with the friendly alien that attracts, are there no Italians on Saffron Hill, or Schweizers in Soho?

WE will have none of the graceless person and his Tour. Egad! the normal length of our privy purse scarce reaches from one week-end to another in these days of fiscal fancifulness; why, then, should we take the risk of stretching it to bursting point in order to journey to a far-off and doubtless flea-bitten land? Do we need stretches of comely verdure? Why, then, we have the Green Park almost at our door. If heights appeal, have we not Primrose Hill?

THE taste of mountain air and the music of running waters may be bought at too high a price, and Heaven in its wisdom has given us sense enough to keep out of the market, besides beneficently denying us the means to get in. Let the Summer Tour be for them that can shake their superflux so far. For ourself we will go a-holidaying in the green shades of the Temple Gardens and feed the playful goldfish there with crumbs from our midday sandwich. The peoples who live in far-off lands with crackjaw names may, therefore, take down their illuminations and roll up the red carpet. We are not coming among them this year. We shall be all the while on the shady side of Fleet Street!



SURF-DOM

BY ARTHUR FERRIER

DRY POINTS BY JEAN HARDY

LA CUEILLETTE DES POMMES

The Love Letter

OLD Love Letters,
Written in grandmother's day,
Delightful indeed in the stories we read,
Are all very well in their way:
But here is an axiom—time-worn and true—
Love Letters—like oysters—are nicest when new!

R. A.

Hints to Bathers

BY A. BEDE HARROWER

THE rumour, like so many tales of fact—and fiction, is said to have started on the Stock Exchange. Whatever be its origin, however, it has fast been gaining ground, until one is forced to believe there must be something in it. In case readers of THE BYSTANDER may not have heard it, it is this: *there is likely to be a big bathing boom this summer.* ("Is that so?" "Well, so they say." "What an extraordinary thing." "Yes, isn't it?") It is, indeed, understood that the "boom" has already begun—in the North Sea, the English Channel, the Atlantic Ocean, the Irish Sea, the Kyles of Bute, the Gulf of Coryvreckan, the Minch, and the Little Minch. In a word, they are bathing at Berwick, Scarborough, Penzance, Aberystwith, and Edrachilles Bay, not to mention Criccieth, Kirkcudbright, and Carnoustie. But enough. What I meant to point out when I got mixed up with this geographical excursus was that, under the circumstances, a few hints on the subject of this all-absorbing pastime might be of some assistance to those contemplating its indulgence during the present season.

The first thing to do on arrival at the beach is to select your bathing-machine, hut, tent, cave, rock, or patch of sand. The first three are easy; you go where you're put—and put up with it. But it is highly important to remember the number of your dressing-place, especially when bathing at a large and popular resort with a sideways current in the surf and many rows of tents and huts on the sand.

Tying knots in the shoulder-straps of one's bathing suit is not recommended, tending to personal discomfort. A much simpler and infinitely more effective plan is to invest in one of Polkington's Patent Water Wallets:

Guaranteed waterproof, worn round the wrist,
The best little wallet the waves ever kissed.

You know the famous "slogan," of course? Simply write the number on an old envelope, slip it into the wallet, and there you are. The wallet has the additional advantage of providing friendly, affable bathers with a means to carry visiting cards by which to introduce themselves to perfect strangers a quarter of a mile from the shore. Where a rock is being used, as on the less crowded shores of our sea-girt isle, the numbered slip should be replaced by, if possible, a photograph of the rock, a matter which can be easily adjusted by a little forethought and a hand camera. Caves are more easily recognised—and, by the way, have you ever played the "cave-game"? Breakfast early, and, having purchased a dozen or so variegated walking-sticks at the local hairdresser's, stroll down to the deserted cove well before the bathing hour. All you have to do is to stick a stick prominently in the entrance of every cave You can then recline at your ease upon the sand and wait for the fun to begin. You will not have to wait long!

Some bathers, on entering the water, attack it with a savage fury as if it had done them some personal and unforgiveable injury. Others approach it as if they thought it might at any moment. Compromise between these two extremes. A certain air of *sangfroid* generally cultivates the admiration of the lady members of your party—and other peoples' parties. On warm and calm days this may be safely assisted by entering the water with a lit pipe or cigarette in the mouth.

Like batsmen who are "out" after completing a century, some people consider it the thing, on retiring from the water, to break into a gentle trot on nearing their bathing boxes. In the words of the Charing Cross stentorphone, "Some are in a hurry: do not impede them."

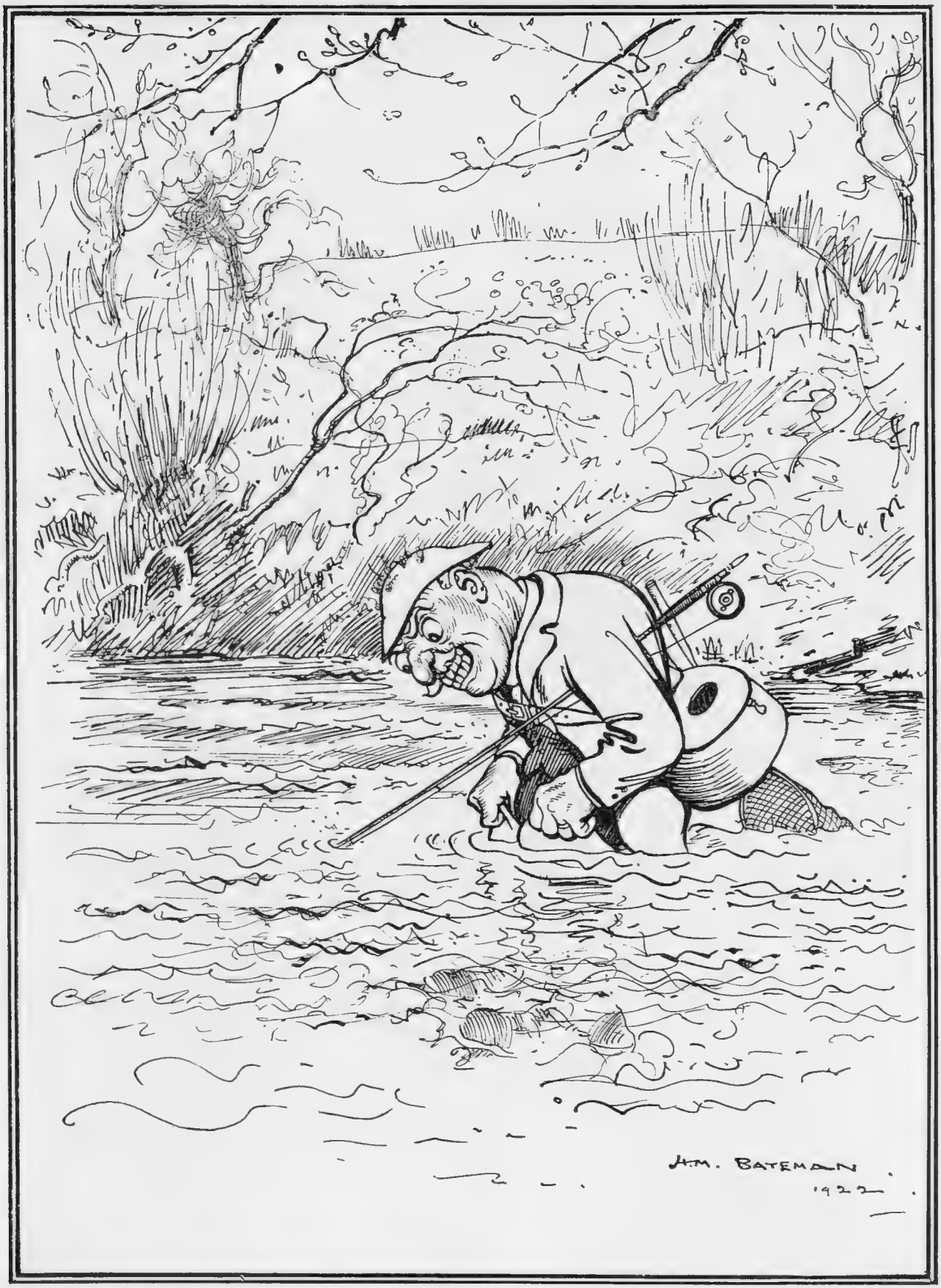
For yourself, action on completion of the bathe depends upon the state of (*a*) your circulation, (*b*) the weather. A man inclined to rheumatic fever after bathing off the Shetlands on a wet day with the wind in the North-east, should not loll about on the sands too long. Neglect of this rule is likely to cause his family possible friction with insurance companies, and, quite conceivably, with a large section of the daily press.

BY H. R. MILLAR

CUSTOMER: "I'm the chairman of the committee for inspecting bathing costumes at Slubber-on-Sea. Er—show me some opera-glasses."

SHOPMAN: "Opera-glasses, sir? You mean microscopes, I presume?"

"_____!!!"



BY H. M. BATEMAN

THE COLONEL FILLS HIS WADERS

Advice to Summer Girls

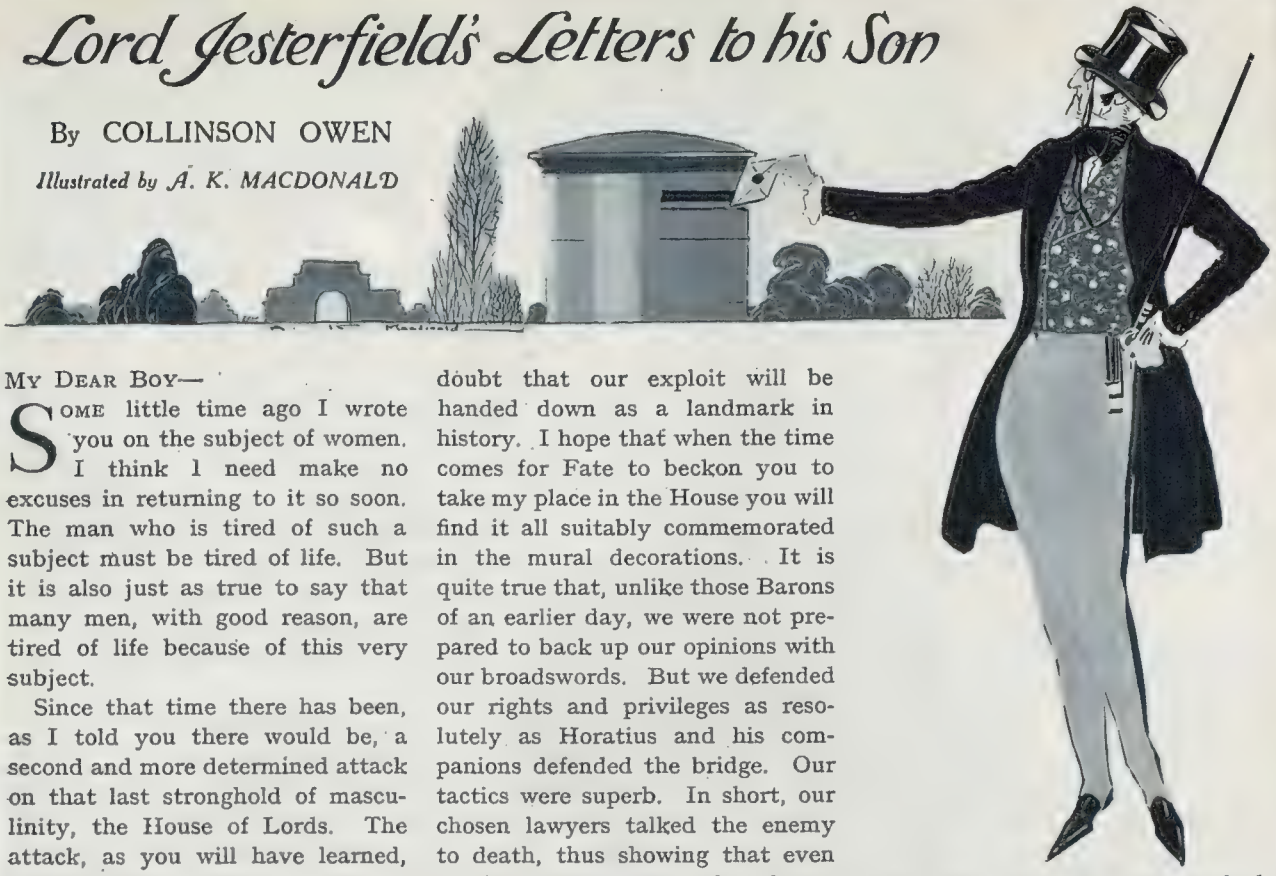
BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

BUILD NOT UPON THE SAND

Lord Jesterfield's Letters to his Son

By COLLINSON OWEN

Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD



My Dear Boy—

Some little time ago I wrote you on the subject of women. I think I need make no excuses in returning to it so soon. The man who is tired of such a subject must be tired of life. But it is also just as true to say that many men, with good reason, are tired of life because of this very subject.

Since that time there has been, as I told you there would be, a second and more determined attack on that last stronghold of masculinity, the House of Lords. The attack, as you will have learned, suffered signal defeat. I feel no doubt that our exploit will be handed down as a landmark in history. I hope that when the time comes for Fate to beckon you to take my place in the House you will find it all suitably commemorated in the mural decorations. It is quite true that, unlike those Barons of an earlier day, we were not prepared to back up our opinions with our broadswords. But we defended our rights and privileges as resolutely as Horatius and his companions defended the bridge. Our tactics were superb. In short, our chosen lawyers talked the enemy to death, thus showing that even in this respect man, when he so chooses, is invincible.

I will refrain from quoting the expressions of dismay and anger which arose from those people who so strangely call themselves feminists when it became clear that, like the famous animal of Bouffon, we were wicked enough when attacked to defend ourselves. The victor can always afford to be generous—as you may have noticed, by the way, in regard to the late War. Or, rather, whether he can afford it or not, something impels him to be so. I suppose this is due to the spirit of *noblesse oblige*, which affects nations and classes, as well as individuals. But though the most gratifying of virtues, it is certainly the most expensive. If it is true that charity should begin at home, then it is certainly equally true that *noblesse oblige* should begin round the corner.

"Turn coyly away at the threat of a proposal"

However, I am wandering from the point, which is that in the domain of feminism I am convinced we have at least reached high-water mark; that, indeed, the tide which impiously washed as far as the doors of the House of Lords is now definitely beginning to recede. To every action, it is said, there is an equal and opposite reaction, and if this dictum of science be true, then we shall not have long to wait before our maidens drop their golf clubs, take to crewel work again, and turn coyly away at the threat of a proposal.

When what is called progress is a matter of evolution I have no great complaint to make. One cannot wrestle with a movement which is too slow to be perceived, and though I think that evolution in many ways is far from being all it might be, and has been responsible for many dreadful social errors, yet one must leave these things to Providence and hope for the best. But one may well object to a movement which is worked up like a boxing boom and whose demands are hurled at our heads with all the brusqueness of the footpad's command of stand and deliver. When our enthusiasts proposed to do in ten years what Nature would jib at trying to accomplish in ten thousand, then

it was obvious they were trying to support too great a handicap.

The signs that we are at the beginning of a period of reaction are, I think, plain for all to see. There is, for instance, the case of Lady Hoppit. I remember her when the movement first caught her—a slip of a woman, with intense eyes and a firm mouth, who attacked embarrassed police-

"The strain became too much for poor Hoppit, and he cleared out to Monte Carlo with a small friend from the stage"

men during the first battles in Parliament Square. Soon she went to prison for the cause, and her old father, the Earl of Tarmac, promptly died of shame. "I would not mind the hussy kicking over the traces in any reasonable way" were his last words, "but Holloway Gaol is the limit. In my day the Divorce Court was good enough for any woman who wanted a little notoriety." And with that he expired.

From then on Lady Hoppit spent half her time in prison and half in Grosvenor Square. The strain became too much for poor Hoppit, and he cleared out to Monte Carlo with a small friend from the stage. The last I heard of them they were running a *soi-disant* modiste's establishment in the Place Massena, at Nice, and appeared to be doing very well out of the business. But in his cups Hoppit always insisted that the suffragettes had been his ruin, and that but for his wife's capers he might have lived on respectably in Grosvenor Square and ended up happily in the family vault.

Undeterred by the ruin and misery of all her nearest and dearest Lady Hoppit pressed on after her ideal, leaving a trail of burning churches behind her. The War found her running a canteen for Czecho-Posniaks at Omsk. She returned home to find her dream realised. Her relatives lay in dishonourable graves at home and abroad, but her sisters of England had obtained the vote, and she was well content.

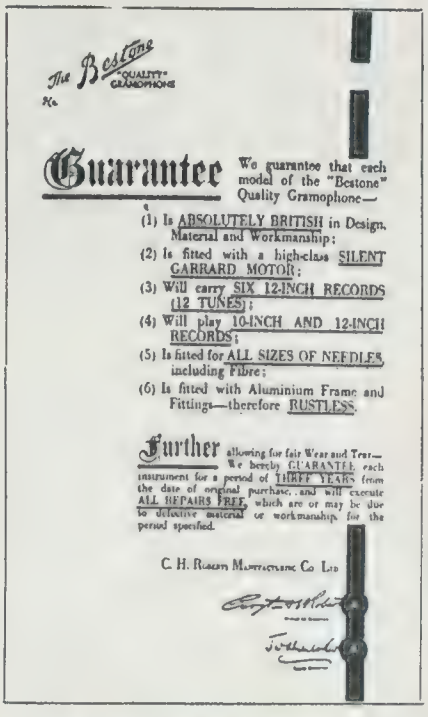
But mark the change. Shortly afterwards a dear friend of hers was elected to Parliament—a dear friend who sailed in on the ground floor, who had never struggled with monstrous policemen, nor taken her gruel through a tube. Furious, Lady Hoppit herself contested an election at the earliest possible moment, and was most soundly beaten. And from that moment she took a passionate vow that if it were humanly possible she would make amends for her wicked past.

She did not take the veil, but founded the National Society for the Protection and Encouragement of Man, of which she is now President. She has collected round her all those who have undergone a similar change of heart for similar reasons. Their purpose, of course, is chiefly political, but I need hardly say that under such a banner she has recruited many followers who are animated by warmer and more human motives. These, to my mind, are the real feminists; they are truly what their name indicates, and I understand they have brought a new spirit into politics. A leading Cabinet Minister, who knows me slightly, told me the other day that already a great change has been noticed in the constituencies, and that at the next elections the womens' vote is expected to be limited to unmarried school marms and dismissed lady policemen. The motto of the new Society, I understand, is "Love Will Find a Way," and their meetings all over the country have reached a pitch of enthusiasm which puts to shame the palmy days of the Primrose League. That, after all, was for the glorification of only one man, whereas the new movement seeks to exalt us all.

So that, just as a sex was driven wholesale into politics, so now it is being coaxed out of them. There is no need for surprise that the impulse of the second movement comes from those who initiated the first. It is the prerogative of women to change their minds. One can only be thankful that in their first misguided efforts they were not able to change human nature.

JESTERFIELD

"100% ENJOYMENT"



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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

CHESNEY'S CHOICE

BY DELL LEIGH

ILLUSTRATED BY C. MORSE

SIR PHILIP STONOR, the trained diplomat, reserved and notoriously "difficult" with strangers, had taken an unwonted fancy to the man at his side. The two men had found themselves leaning on the ship's rail as she swung slowly seawards from New York Harbour in a primrose twilight, and Maitland, more to himself than to the grim, grey-haired man beside him, had remarked, pointing aft with a pipe stem towards the Statue of Liberty in the receding distance:

"Rather Gilbertian, that, I always think, nowadays. Especially as the smoking-room bar at the moment is a seething mass of the blasphemous American public."

They had thereupon wandered casually along the path of desultory conversation as men will at night against a ship's rail, during the empty hour before dressing for dinner. And they had found that their state-rooms adjoined. By the time the great liner slid into the Mersey the two men had become more than mere shipboard acquaintances. Their discussions on most of the burning questions of the day had built up almost a friendship.

"Now remember, Maitland," Sir Philip had said, buttonholing the younger man with a gesture of affection as the vessel drew alongside her berth, "we shall expect you at Overbrow within the week. The golf is pretty good, and as you are interested in late Tudor architecture I can show you a fairly representative sample. Delighted to have you."

"Very good of you, Sir Philip; I am much looking forward to it."

When Maitland arrived at Overbrow Manor it was a comparatively empty household. Beyond Sir Philip and Lady Stonor, an Anglicised American woman with a singular charm of manner and shrewd, penetrating eyes, there was only Marjorie, a rather insipid, bobbed-hair daughter, and Reggie, on leave from the Foreign Office, the son, who was a scratch golfer, a heavy-weight boxer, and nothing else whatsoever. So that Sir Philip and his erstwhile travelling companion were left in undisturbed possession of the book-lined, oak-panelled library, the most comfortable saddle-back chairs Maitland had ever sprawled in, and some twenty-year-old whisky that gave a man a benign outlook on life. He had been there nearly a week, and had established his popularity in the first twenty-four hours. A cheery, bold bridge-player, not addicted to *post mortems*, Lady Stonor, with all the American's respect for a first-class card-player, had capitulated the first evening. Reggie, after conceding only three strokes, had been hard-pressed to beat him on the eighteenth green, and had summed him up to his father as "a very steady player, sir, and a damn good sort."

Sir Philip and his guest were sitting deep in the chairs before the fire. They had played a round of golf after tea in a high April wind, and the reflective mood, bred of hard exercise and a good dinner, had enveloped both men. There fell a silence between them. Sir Philip blew smoke rings from an excellent cigar with grave deliberation.

"By the way," said Maitland lazily, and apropos of nothing in particular, "what an excellent man your butler, Chesney, is. I haven't been so well valeted for years."

His host chuckled. "Glad to hear it. Yes. He is a great institution, is Chesney. Been with me ten years. An admirable man. He runs this house. Florence can't be bothered—out and about so much. He also moves the entire *ménage* when we go to the Moor in Scotland. Arranges the whole thing. I merely take the tickets from him on the morning we start. Very straight man, too. Often tested him in the early days, of course. He is really a paragon of——. Look out, here he comes."

There was a tinkle of glass outside the library door, and Chesney appeared, bearing a massive silver salver, with the usual cut glass decanter and glasses. Maitland

(All rights strictly reserved)

glanced at him as he drew up the side-table to its accustomed place.

A typical English butler of the best school. The broad, smooth face, short grey side whiskers; tall, majestic, inclined to corpulence. The quiet, perfectly trained demeanour masking a twinkling, benevolent eye for the little foibles of the family he so faithfully served.

He moved silently and with unerring hands about the ritual of the night drinks, and then stood gravely at his master's side.

"Yes, Chesney?"

"Her Ladyship would like to send her case down, sir." The tone conveyed a discreet question.

"Oh, all right, go and get it, will you?"

As the door closed behind him Sir Philip smiled.

"You are going to be admitted to a family secret now. Chesney makes a great fuss about all this. Most amusing. As a matter of fact, when I married the daughter of an American railroad magnate, God bless her, I had no idea she would bring with her an inordinate amount of jewellery, and I had to take—er—unusual steps about it. Can't keep it in the bank because she is always driving up to functions in Town, and wants this or that at a moment's notice. You know how it is. Needless to say we have had the burglars here twice. But, like the poor, they have gone empty away. For this reason. Push your chair back a bit, will you? Thanks. Underneath this part of the house there is no basement. We rest here on the stone foundations and mother earth. When I had this parquet floor laid I had a large slab of concrete put in, underneath our feet now. It is several feet thick."

He rolled back a Persian rug, laying bare the shining parquet floor.

"If you press your finger against the face of this particular Dutch child in the tiling of the fireplace here, things occur."

Sir Philip did so, and Maitland heard a faint "click," as of a spring released somewhere beneath his feet, and a square of parquet flooring between the two men rose an inch or so. He bent forward, intensely interested.

"By Jove! that's clever."

"Yes. Puzzle the marauders a bit—what?"

His host raised the square of flooring with his finger, the hinges were cunningly concealed underneath, and there lay exposed to Maitland's astonished gaze a flat steel safe lying, as it were, on its back.

"This lock," he indicated with his forefinger a brass roller about three inches long, covered with an odd assortment of letters, "is the usual American word combination lock of rather a *de luxe* kind. There are no keys. Keys are useless nowadays. Chesney and I concoct a sentence of three words periodically, and there you are. The present words are "Nuts in May," a very simple combination—but you've seen these locks worked in the States, of course."

He knelt down and turned the letters on the brass roller quickly. As he exposed the letter "Y" of May there was again a faint

"'That's the neatest thing I've seen for many a long day,' he said, 'absolutely burglar proof'"

"CHESNEY'S CHOICE" (*continued*)

"click." Sir Philip pushed sharply against the safe lever, and then pulled the door upwards.

Maitland rose and poured himself out a drink.

"That's the neatest thing I've seen for many a long day," he said, "absolutely burglar proof, I should imagine." He chose a cigar carefully.

"We-ell, not *proof* exactly, these days. But it would take your swell man a hell of a long time, you'll admit that. And time is the essence of their contract always, it seems. Low cunning, Maitland, my boy, is the only thing to fight them with." He laughed. And Chesney reappeared, carrying a small morocco-leather jewel-case.

"That the lot?" asked his master. "Right." He closed the safe door again. "Like to choose a fresh combination, old chap? Any language you like; you're a bit of a linguist, it seems. Come on."

"Oh, I dunno," replied the other, absently, "never can think of anything on the spur of the moment. Let's see. What about '*Dux Vitae Ratio*'?"

"H'm—'Reason is the leader of Life.' Cut at me, I suppose, for not keeping valuables in the bank—what? Yes, that'll do all right. Write it down, Chesney; Dux, D-U-X-," he went on spelling, as he bent to the lock.

As far as any well-trained manservant ever shows his real feelings, grave disapproval sat in the eyes of Chesney at his master thus admitting a fourth person into what had hitherto been a secret well kept by Sir Philip, her Ladyship, and himself. But he wrote the words down on an envelope as they were spelt out to him, put it in his breast pocket, and left the room quietly.

"Well, that's that," concluded Sir Philip with a yawn, as together they replaced the rug before the fire. "I'm going to turn in early to-night if you don't mind. Beastly tired. You go up when you like, of course."

"I simply must write to my stupid brokers," replied Maitland, yawning, too.

"Shan't have time in the morning. What time did you say my train was? 9.25? I simply hate going away. You've been so awfully kind," and he moved, frowning, to the writing-table.

Sir Philip ran his hand idly along a bookshelf for a minute or two, chose a book, and turned to the door.

"Well, I'm off. Good-night, old chap."

"Night, night." Maitland was already deep in his letter about stocks and shares.

The small, neat handwriting had been continued for sometime before Chesney came back, moving silently as usual, giving a last look to windows, putting another pine log on the fire.

As he was going out again the steady voice at the writing-table said:

"One moment—Hopkins."

The butler started violently, and gripped the lapel of his dress coat. He turned.

"Beg your pardon, sir?" He stood mute, impassive. A butler waiting an order. The man at the table leaned back, and two steel-grey, penetrating eyes looked him over searchingly.

"M'm. Clever still, aren't you? But it won't do, my friend. Not with me. Want to hear the story? You shall. Fifteen years ago Mrs. Arkwright lost all her jewellery. Insurance company paid up £9,000. Cleverly worked, it was. Very. Hopkins, the butler, was in it. Hopkins it was who took *some* of the stuff up to Town a fortnight later, and passed it in a waiting-room at King's Cross. But Hopkins was never suspected. Why?" He tapped lightly on his shirt-front with the penholder. "Because the cleverest gang in Europe was behind him. Hopkins left Mrs. Arkwright's service a year or so later, owing to—er—ill-health. It was safer, and forged references for a new place were easy. Let me see. One thousand pounds was Hopkins's share, wasn't it? My memory is fairly clear.

"Did you invest it carefully, Chesney?"

The butler's mask had dropped. There stood cringing before the cold eyes of Maitland a terrified, suddenly shrunken man, who blurted out, as to an equal:

"It's a lie! They did me down! As I knew they would. I got nothing—nothing. And I dared not speak; my early record wasn't clean enough. They knew that. *You* knew it. *You*——." The erstwhile servant advanced a threatening pace, and stopped before the unflinching eyes of the other, whose right hand went quickly to the pocket of his dinner-jacket.

"So you had recognised me, then? I was wondering. Silly of you to give the show away, even if you had. You are *not* clever, are you?"

"Recognise you." The man, once Hopkins, shrugged contemptuously. "You, who sit behind all the big jobs, and organise. You were behind that. You always are *behind*. And they've never got you. But they will—they *will!*"

The frightened voice rose a note.

The master criminal held up a warning hand.

"Shut your mouth. Keep it shut. But, by God if you don't!" He rose and stood over the other commandingly.

"You know what I'm after. I seldom work them myself. But when I do nobody interferes with me with safety. Understand?"

"I've been on the straight for fifteen years," muttered Chesney. There was a whimper in his voice, and his fingers fumbled nervously about his face. "And now—and now. . . ."

"Well, go to bed, and go on leading it. Don't meddle with me, that's all—or ——."

He turned back to the writing-table with a sinister gesture of the hand. Chesney knew full well what that meant as he slunk out of the room.

. . . . . .

Chesney, late Hopkins, leant miserably against the broad window of the bedroom corridor in the quiet of the night and fought his fight. The biggest and most dangerous fight of his life. For half an hour he stood thus, sweating, face working convulsively, mouth dry. Ten years of faithful service. The clean life. Peace. Ten years of decent treatment; trust; Sir Philip's respect; his confidence; faith in himself.

Which? Which?

Then he gripped himself into a straighter posture. Mentally, too, he stood upon his feet, facing the issue—and his master's bedroom. . .

"There, there, Chesney. Pull yourself together, my man. The right thing is seldom easy. Meanwhile, go and call Master Reggie,

(*Continued on page 702*)

No Hawkers—

BY BERT THOMAS

—No Circulars

"CHESNEY'S CHOICE" (*concluded*)

"Reggie trussed him up with rope from the boxroom"

but quickly. I want him here. Then go to bed. I'll see you again in the morning." Sir Philip spoke gravely in an undertone from the armchair by his bedroom fire. They had spoken thus in undertones for some time, and Chesney, white of face, with the look of a man stretched to breaking point, walked unsteadily out of his master's room.

Sometime later Reggie, in stockinged feet, his eyes alight with excitement, crept up the back stairs to his father's room.

"Watched it all from the garden window, sir. He opened it a quarter of an hour ago. He's set the scene dam well. Vote we take him as he comes up through the hall, as I suggested.

And they did.

They fell upon him in the gloom from behind, and Reggie trussed him up with rope from the boxroom. They flung him into one of the library chairs and surveyed the scene. It was well set. Neat square of glass cut out of window. Room disarranged. Parquet floor prised up. One tumbler smashed. Half the decanter empty. Muddy boot-marks on the carpet and window-sill, even on the flower-beds outside. A flat wooden shape, to represent a man's foot, stuck from a pocket of Maitland's dinner-jacket. The thinnest rubber gloves covered his tied hands. A master had been at work. He scowled upon Sir Philip and Reggie, and then said, with a shrug:

"Fair cop, I suppose. Send for your man who calls himself Chesney. He shall go with me. The swine doesn't give me away without paying for it. You shall hear his story. It will astonish you, believe me."

"I've heard it, thank you," replied Sir Philip, acidly, shaking up a syphon. "He told me himself. I was surprised; pained. But Chesney has atoned by years of faithful service. As a matter of fact, he had no hand in this, really. You see, this little trap, unknown to Chesney, was laid for you a long time ago. You didn't know, perhaps, that the Commissioner of Police happens to be my cousin. You should have. They have never been able to get you on any specific count. No. So sometimes they employ an amateur. Myself, for example. I have had that honour since you and I first met. And *that* was no mere accident of travel, believe me.

"Well, Reggie, I think the champagne cellar will be best, don't you, until the morning? I've got my keys. I'll go down ahead and turn on the lights. Bring him along with you." DELL LEIGH

JUNE 28th.

The Bystander
SPECIAL
LAWN TENNIS No.
With all usual features.

One Shilling.

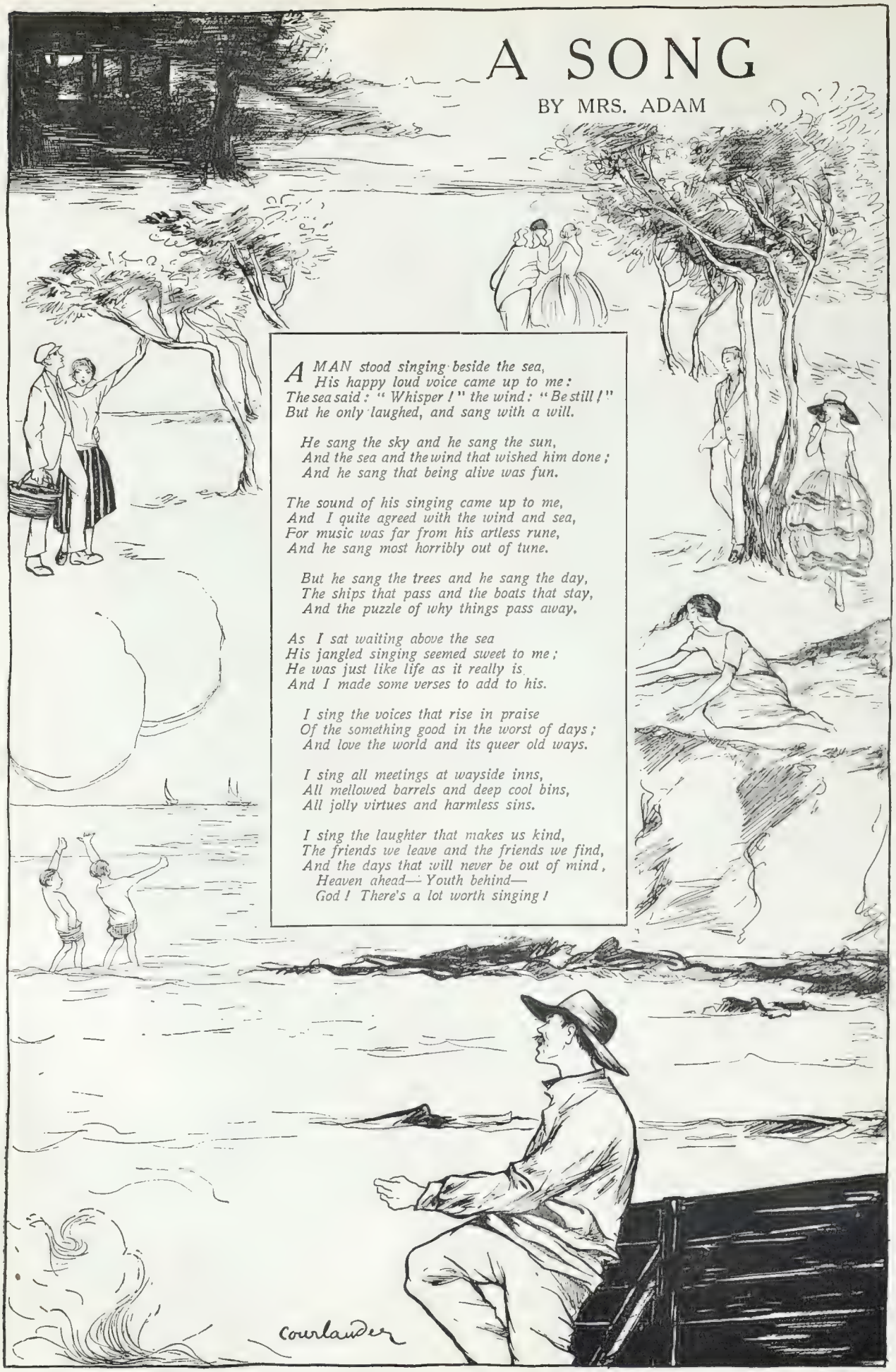
The Reckoning

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

SHE: "How did you know it was me at that distance? You couldn't see my face."
HE: "Oh, I'm very quick at figures"

A SONG

BY MRS. ADAM



A MAN stood singing beside the sea,
His happy loud voice came up to me:
The sea said: "Whisper!" the wind: "Be still!"
But he only laughed, and sang with a will.

He sang the sky and he sang the sun,
And the sea and the wind that wished him done;
And he sang that being alive was fun.

The sound of his singing came up to me,
And I quite agreed with the wind and sea,
For music was far from his artless rune,
And he sang most horribly out of tune.

But he sang the trees and he sang the day,
The ships that pass and the boats that stay,
And the puzzle of why things pass away.

As I sat waiting above the sea
His jangled singing seemed sweet to me;
He was just like life as it really is
And I made some verses to add to his.

I sing the voices that rise in praise
Of the something good in the worst of days;
And love the world and its queer old ways.

I sing all meetings at wayside inns,
All mellowed barrels and deep cool bins,
All jolly virtues and harmless sins.

I sing the laughter that makes us kind,
The friends we leave and the friends we find,
And the days that will never be out of mind,
Heaven ahead—Youth behind—
God! There's a lot worth singing!

SKETCHES BY ELSA COURLANDER

BY A. K. MACDONALD

"WHEN THREE ARE COMPANY"

Winter Joys 'neath

Photographs

TWO COOL STUDIES OF A HOLIDAY PARADISE IN JUNE—

Summer's Sun

Will Cadby

—JUNGFRAU, THE FAMOUS "VIR[illegible]N MOUNTAIN" OF THE SWISS ALPS

SUMMER

BY "ROLAND." *ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

At Deauville, when the funds are low
And eyes are rolling rapidly,

You may finish that as you wish. I feel much too sad about it to be able to achieve such an accomplishment. I have altogether the *cafard*. This affair of the summer is a terrible matter, *vraiment*. Much too awful to write about. Contrary to the views of all the editors, I hold that summer should not be written about. Summer is a delusion and a snare. One speaks, *bien entendu*, of the French summer. There are other summers.

There is, one has heard, an English summer, which makes the rare and fleet-footed visits to the grey isles. But as my numerous efforts to make my *vacances* coincide with it have not had the success, I am debarred from to speak of it. One has said that it has all roses and not any thorns, your English summer. That is a season to be envied. I have fallen among many of the thorns in the French summer. And thus is it that I am biassed. I will admit it and you shall then be able to allow for the prejudice in my remarks. I love the spring and the autumn of Paris, and, of course, the winter of the Riviera, but in the habitudes of the summer I have not found many of the satisfactions.

In the first place, if it is hot, it is too hot. That is where is the snare. Then if it is not hot, everyone does at once say that it is not summer. So it is a delusion. *Pour ma part*, I would prefer to forego the heat and call it unsummer, if one could continue the enjoyments which could be so delightful if they were not made impossible by *les grands chaleurs*.

"Mannequins at the Grand Prix"

There is, *par exemple*, the tennis at the Faisanderie, in the Bois de St. Cloud. One has the impression that no picture in the world is more lovely than the courts of the Stade Français, fringed by gorgeous tall *châtaignes*, that seem to stretch for miles and miles, with a green, green meadow by the side, *tapis des fées* to let the eyes dwell upon as one takes *quelque chose de rafraîchissant* on the terrace of the clubhouse. But there is not much that does depress one more than to see all the courts empty, the players driven off by the glare of the sun till the twilight. And then the leaves make such tantalising shadows that one strikes at something which is not the ball. When one is within one point to lose a set and succeeds to sacrifice it by to hit at the shadow of a leaf, it is enough to make one cross, *n'est-ce pas?* You will surmise that the experience is recent. That is why I am embittered. To speak the truth, I adore the Faisanderie. I would not permit another to say a word against it. But to lose to a deadly rival through the flutter of a leaf, after to have waited for the sun to *se coucher*! Excuse my asperity and sympathise.

Then there is the Grand Prix involved among the summer. I am always assured by people who are quite sensible, and mostly honest, that the Grand Prix is one of the supremest joys in which it is possible to participate. There are the best horses, the best people, and the best frocks. So continue to assert the *admirateurs* and the *admiratrices*. And I persevere to attend the Grand Prix, in the hope

(Continued on page 710

"SHARP'S the Word!"

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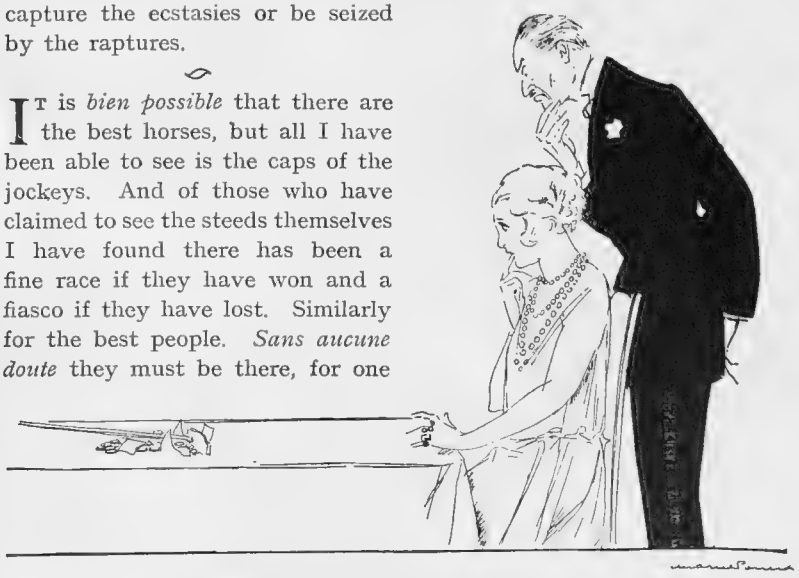
"SUMMER" (*concluded*)

to share the ecstasies that do not ever fail to arrive to the enraptured. But I cannot succeed to capture the ecstasies or be seized by the raptures.

IT is *bien possible* that there are the best horses, but all I have been able to see is the caps of the jockeys. And of those who have claimed to see the steeds themselves I have found there has been a fine race if they have won and a fiasco if they have lost. Similarly for the best people. *Sans aucune doute* they must be there, for one reads the next day their names in the papers. But one sees even less of them than of the horses. And as for the best frocks they must be robed on the very shyest of ladies.



"Money placed on the tables is money to be lost"

ONE sees a few of the extravagantest *toilettes* on the bold *mannequins* who track down the photographers, and the photographers try to persuade us in the papers that these are the fashions of the really nice people. But one quickly recalls that one swallow makes not the summer, even if its flights across the paddock are as numerous and so successful that not a single photographer-worm escapes. No, in the altogether I have not the affection for the Grand Prix. There is too much of the mob for it to be the supreme joy that the fervents persist to declare it. One cannot see the *élite* for the mass.

YET to me the most terrible accompaniment of the summer is Deauville. Deauville is *Diableville*. One could coin the even worse and more true names, but perhaps that shall suffice to give the idea. Deauville is not without the real attractions. There is the air that stimulates and there is the sea that would invigorate, if one could steal the chance to permit it. But all the forces of Deauville—and they are sufficient to overwhelm the most obstinate resistance—are concentrated on the scheme to force one into the Casino.

ALMOST as soon as you descend from the train you feel that everyone is engaged in the process to shoo you in the direction of the gilded palace, and it is not easy to resist the pressure. Every encouragement is given you to place your money on the green tables and every encouragement, also, to leave it there. One feels that, if one were to give a sign to take it away, the fishy eyes of the *croupiers* would seek to mesmerise one to replace it. To them money placed on the tables is money to be lost.

ONE begins to have the doubts as to who the money really belongs to. Is it truly that of the player, or is it merely lent to him on trust by the house, just to give him a little amusement before he finally returns it to the helpful custodian? The position is far from clear and the weight of the balance is certainly in favour of the house. And as possession is nine points of the law, the house can claim to have the law on its side at the end of the transaction.

BUT if one should be so bold as to go to Deauville without the intention to gamble, it is as well to arrive with four brace of revolvers and a crocodile-hide imperviousness to shoosterism. Otherwise one will be made to realise that one is beyond the pale, that one is a *méprisable* interloper occupying the place of someone who could have money to lose. And as beds are scarce, as well as very dear, at Deauville, it is not considered good business to allow them to be occupied by naive or canny persons who come down with the absurd idea of just passing a holiday.

"With a crocodile hide"

DEAUVILLE is a town of highwaymen. The cry of "*Hautes les mains*," is raised more frequently than anywhere else in France. It is time the "stand and deliver" practice was moderated, for more and more people commence to detest it. Not merely "when the funds are low," but also when they are high the eyes roll rapidly. It is not merely a spot, but a blotch, on the sun, and summer is blemished accordingly. ROLAND

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A cool interlude

Dinner—7 to 9

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And a little flirting all the time

SKETCHES BY ROSE LE QUESNE

Life at Le Touquet is just as energetic as in Paris, but there is the sea, and it's cooler

PARIS À LA CAMPAGNE

the Goupil Gallery

From the painting by Jean Ray. Copyright reserved by the Goupil Gallery

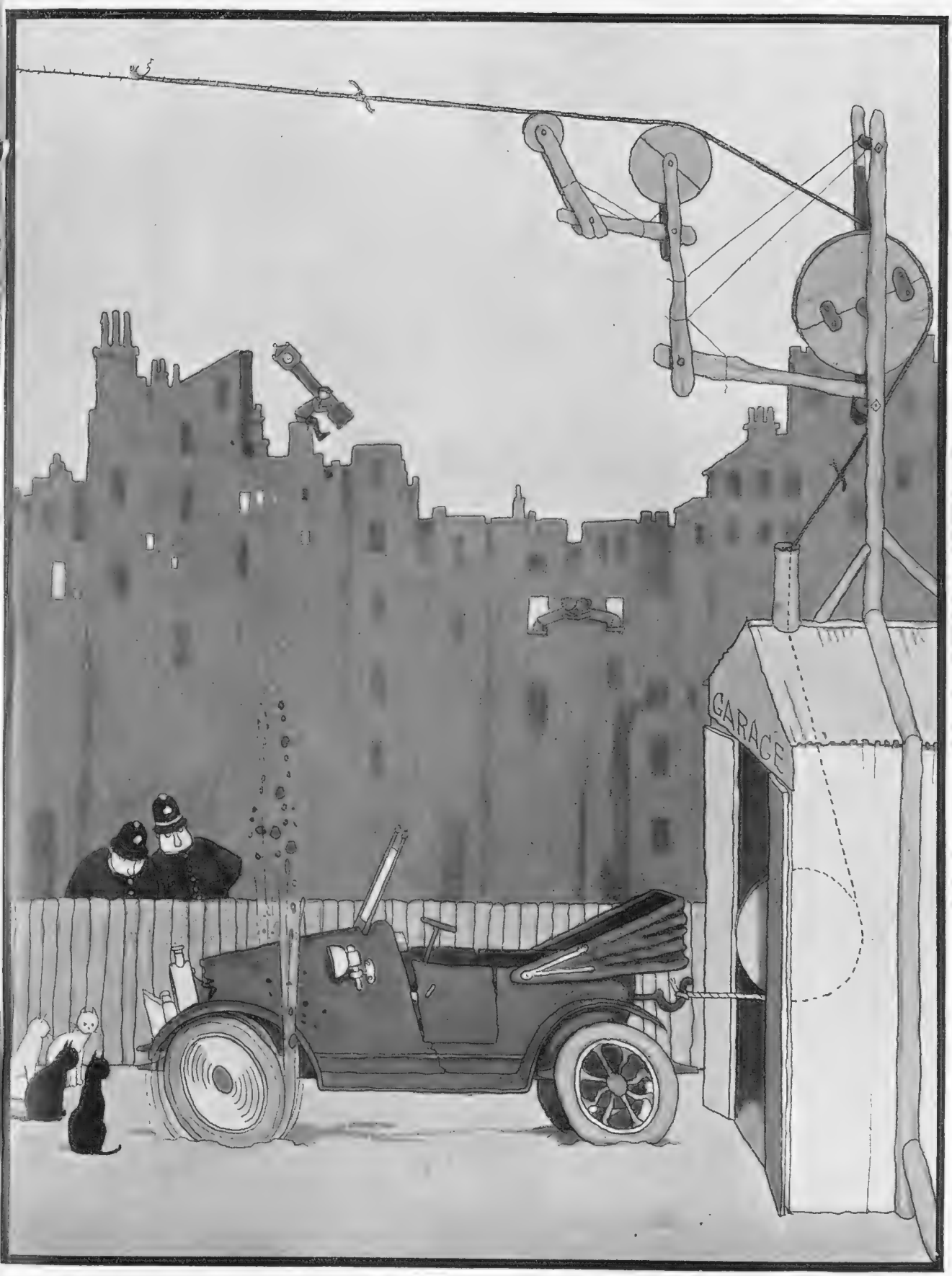
L'ENFANT DANS L'ÉTE

A Trouser Stretch—

ARE YOU TAKING CARE OF

A suggestion for preserving the shape of your

—Of the Imagination



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

YOUR NEW SUMMER FLANNELS?
nether garments in view of the summer holidays

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Twink for Summer Clothes

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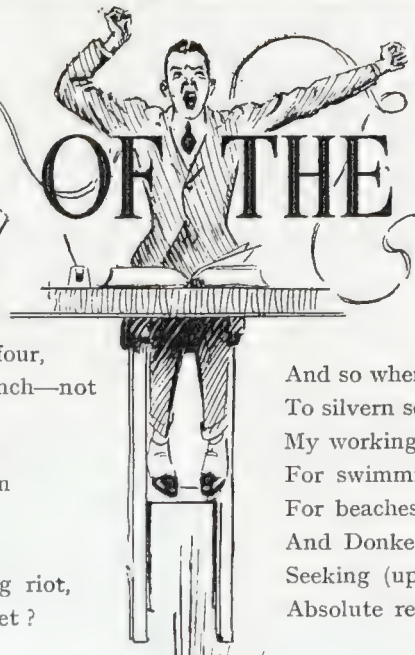
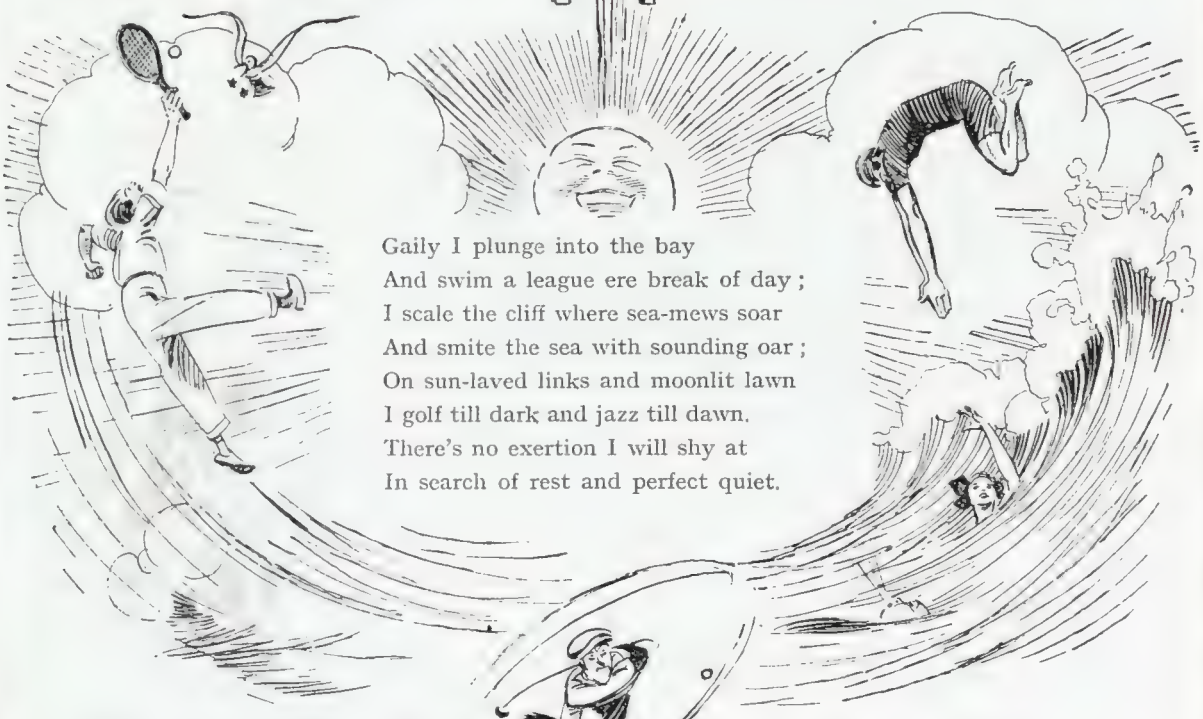


DAILY I slave from ten till four,
Snatching two hours for lunch—not more;
An hour for tea, then back again
To ceaseless toil with pad and pen
With shoulder ever to the wheel,
What wonder if I ofttimes feel,
'Mid Whitehall's hustling, bustling riot,
The need for perfect rest and quiet?

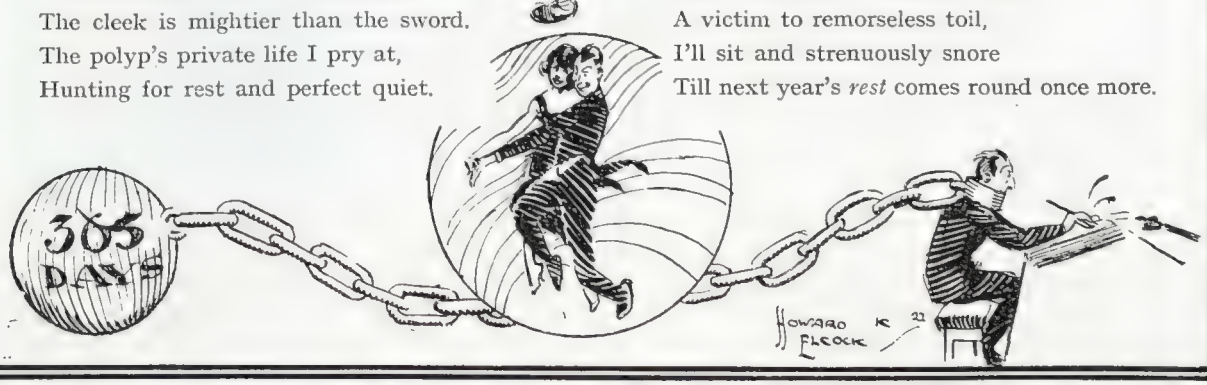
And so when summer gilds the sky,
To silvern seas I swiftly hie;
My working-weeds with glee I doff
For swimming, boating, cricket, golf;
For beaches, bathing-tents and bands
And Donkey-Derbies on the sands,
Seeking (upon a champagne diet)
Absolute rest and perfect quiet.



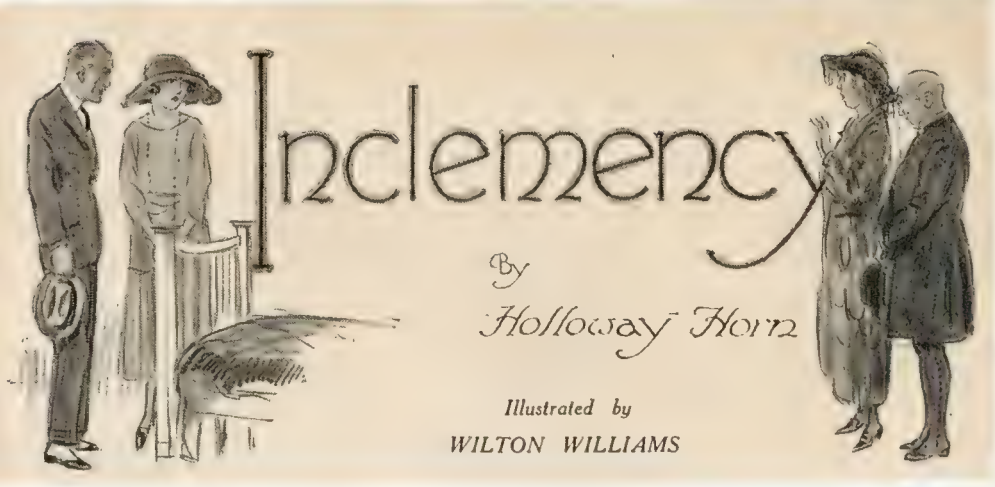
Gaily I plunge into the bay
And swim a league ere break of day;
I scale the cliff where sea-mews soar
And smite the sea with sounding oar;
On sun-laved links and moonlit lawn
I golf till dark and jazz till dawn.
There's no exertion I will shy at
In search of rest and perfect quiet.

I bring in fishing nets (well-filled 'uns);
I play love-sets with local Tildens;
I revel in the prom-band's blare
And lure the lobster from its lair.
I demonstrate that, on the sward,
The cleek is mightier than the sword.
The polyp's private life I pry at,
Hunting for rest and perfect quiet.

Alack, the time is all too short;
Perforce I leave my peaceful sport.
Back at my desk you'll see me then,
Nose to the grindstone once again;
Deliv'ring up my "mortal coil,"
A victim to remorseless toil,
I'll sit and strenuously snore
Till next year's *rest* comes round once more.



VERSES BY A. A. THOMSON *SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK*



Inclemency

By Holloway Horn

Illustrated by WILTON WILLIAMS

BASIL MONTGOMERY CARFAX was a bachelor of forty-four. The offence was aggravated by the possession of an exceedingly desirable house and two thousand a year.

Some men have always been too busy to marry; Carfax had not even this excuse, for his life had been devoted to colour prints and sonnets.

Sonnets!

As if to make the matter more extraordinary, he had passed the greater part of his life in Marchester. Notoriously, small cathedral towns do not suffer bachelors gladly, particularly when their incomes are much larger than their sense of duty.

But, in some way, Basil had passed unscathed through innumerable tennis parties, dances, and traps of every description. Once he reached the point of quoting his sonnet on "Love's Cruelty" to the younger Sealby girl; Marchester still wonders what would have happened if she had managed to stifle her giggles. Basil was partly appeased by her insistence, that she always *did* laugh when people read poetry . . . even Tennyson.

These things must be appreciated, if one is to understand fully the exceeding delicacy of the position in which Carfax found himself that rainy morning.

It was during one of his rare visits to Town.

He had long intended to buy a new rug for his study. This is not the place to discuss why that room was called a study. Every bachelor with Basil's income, in a cathedral town, has a study. Let it suffice that for the room so named he desired a rug.

After giving the matter the calm and dispassionate thought he always devoted to what affected his comfort, he decided to go to Selfrod's.

He had not been in the great shop before, and hesitated on its threshold. A tall, white-haired gentleman, who looked like an ambassador, bore down graciously upon him.

"Can I assist you, sir?" he asked in such a deferential voice that Basil knew at once he was not a diplomat.

"Er . . . I rather wanted a rug."

"Rugs . . . *certainly*, sir. This way, if you *don't* mind."

Basil didn't, and followed the gentleman through a series of enormous rooms to a *salon*—that is, the word—in which were many millions of rugs. Rugs of all colours and sizes and thicknesses; century-old rugs from Bokhara and quite young rugs.

"Fosdick," Basil's host said, airily, to a younger and paler gentleman, "rugs!"

He bowed to Basil, and was gone.

"Just a little one, don't you know," said Basil. "Red, I think, to go with my carpet."

"This way, sir," said the gentleman who answered—although probably reluctantly—to the name of Fosdick.

"We are showing a very nice range in Turkeys, sir," he said, in a confidential undertone. He coughed as if he were letting Basil into a slightly improper secret.

"But I wanted a rug!" protested Basil.

"I meant Turkey rugs, sir," Fosdick said, with a little smirk. "About eight by six, I suppose?"

At that moment Miss Rita Malpas appeared upon the scene.

Basil came upon her suddenly. She was the kind of girl that one does come upon suddenly. She was sitting on a little throne and carpets

"I'm afraid I can't, Mr. Carfax"

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

were being unrolled for her inspection by unnaturally polite young gentlemen. She was a very pretty girl, with that soft, brown hair which has so often had disastrous effects on otherwise inviolable bachelors.

"Well, I never!" Basil said, as he raised his hat.

"Fancy meeting you, Mr. Carfax!" was her greeting. "I was choosing a carpet for mother," she went on. "Don't you like that blue one over there? Almost Chinese in effect!"

"It is certainly very charming."

"Thank you," she said, turning to the waiting gentleman, "I will take the blue one. And what are *you* doing here?" she asked, turning once again to Basil, who was flattered by the weight she evidently attached to his opinion.

"As a matter of fact, I was looking for a little rug. Perhaps you will help me choose it?"

That actually was what happened. It is important to have the matter quite clear. Can anyone, even the most censorious of persons, condemn Basil for what he suggested? Was there anything remotely improper in it? He knew Miss Malpas; he knew her people. There was nothing in the proposal—no, that word will not do—there was nothing in the proposition of which an English gentlemen, even one living in a cathedral town, need have been ashamed.

Miss Malpas said, without hesitation, that she would be pleased to assist him in his choice, but doubted whether she could be of any assistance to so artistic a person as Mr. Carfax.

As they followed Fosdick to the end of the room, Basil wondered pleasantly whether she was referring to his sonnets or to his knowledge of colour prints.

In due course the rug was chosen.

If it had not been for the inclemency of the weather—the phrase would be Basil's—the episode would have ended with the purchase of the rug. Miss Malpas would have gone her way, and Basil his. It is possible that a reference, in the light, bantering tone characteristic of cathedral towns, might have been made by one or the other when next they met in Marchester. But that would have been all.

The weather, however, was exceedingly inclement; it was raining cats and dogs!

Miss Malpas and Basil paused in the doorway.

"I never dreamt it would rain," Basil said. "I have no umbrella and I see you have none. How very awkward! May I call you a cab?"

It would have been very rude to call any lady a cab, and Basil's slipshod phraseology shows his distress at having been the innocent means of delaying Miss Malpas.

"It doesn't matter, thanks," she said. "Our hotel is only a few yards away. I'll wait until it's over."

"I think I will, too. Already there are signs that the storm is passing."

And so they waited, talking of the Academy, which both had recently visited. They agreed that it was not what it was.

The talk was interrupted by the white-haired gentleman who had welcomed Basil before.

He apologised for his existence, and deferentially suggested that they might be interested, whilst the rain continued, in the completely furnished flats of which the firm was making a feature.

"What fun!" said Miss Malpas, thus practically committing Basil before he had time to give the matter adequate consideration.

The ambassador signalled to a satellite (a third secretary, or something) and Basil was mildly surprised to find himself following in the wake of this young man and Miss Malpas.

"How jolly!" said Miss Malpas, as they came to the dining-room of the three hundred pound flat.

"How *very* jolly!" she said in the drawing-room.

But it was the four hundred and fifty pound flat that really appealed to her.

"How are you, my dear?"

Presented at the Court

"THANK you, a jolly hard set—ah!—here's Jenkyn just ready to present the prizes. Kensitas all round, couldn't wish for anything better. Thank *you*, Jenkyn, for bringing them along."

"At your service, sir, it is a pleasure to serve the Kensitas anywhere and they are—ahem!—*fit to present at any court* because they are *always* . . . . . 'as good as really good cigarettes can be.'"

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Photograph *Violet F. Nicholls*

A DISCIPLE OF PAN—ON THE SOUTH DOWNS

"Fancy!" she said. "*Everything* for four hundred and fifty!"

"Including the linen and plate, Madam," the young man put in. "Of course, we would store it for six months free of all charges. Indeed, there is no need for you to complete the purchase until the goods are actually delivered."

Basil began to feel uncomfortable but, living in a cathedral town, was much too well bred to show it. Miss Malpas, however, was deeply interested, and he had no alternative but to follow when the young man led them into the next room.

"This, of course—" (the young man kept on saying "of course"; it worried Basil!) "This, of course, is the best bedroom. As you see, it's inlaid in me'ogany . . . we do it in fumed oak, according to individual taste. Most couples prefer me'ogany."

"I like the grey wallpaper," said Miss Malpas, turning to Basil. "It's so soft, don't you think?"

"Oh, rather!" said Basil, who was becoming quite hot and flustered. "Quite soft . . . I wonder what the weather is doing?"

Apparently Miss Malpas did not hear the question.

"Oh! It's so nice," she said, slowly turning round. "A home! A little place of one's very own . . . Those pink curtains with the rosebuds are really adorable!"

"They are . . . jolly, aren't they?" said Basil, with a tremendous attempt at brightness.

Just then the whole magnificent

"*INCLEMENCY*" (*concluded*)

edifice of Selfrod's collapsed upon him. Not literally, of course (as the third secretary would have said). Reduced to mere inadequate words, the catastrophe does not sound anything like as bad as it was. The Dean of Marchester, and, what was infinitely worse, his wife, entered the bedroom which Miss Malpas and Basil were examining.

The Dean dropped his eyeglasses. His lady bore down upon Miss Malpas. She was one beaming, comprehending smile.

"How *are* you, my dear?" she said, in a voice that, to Basil, was heavily charged with awful meaning.

Comments were made on the weather and on a blue vase on the mantelpiece. Then, as quietly as they had entered, the Dean and his good lady went on.

"Charming people, the Dean and his wife," Basil said, with an ease which did him credit. Within, he was one vast sinking feeling. Outwardly, he smiled.

"Aren't they?" Miss Malpas agreed.

There was a look in her eyes, a brightness more than a smile, that worried Basil.

They parted at the door a little later, and, heavily, the unstrung bachelor sought his club.

The Dean's wife!

He whistled.

Everybody in Marchester would know in a few days that Miss Malpas and he had been looking at—nay, purchasing, bedroom furniture! To any casual observer that was exactly what they *were* doing; one could not blame the Dean's wife!

The perspiration stood out in little beads on Basil's forehead, although the day was chilly.

He thought over what had happened; he was able to remember almost the whole of the conversation.

He was satisfied that he was not to blame; that he had acted, as was his invariable custom, as an English gentleman.

And yet . . . bedroom furniture!

There was something sinister in the thought of a bedroom. On the stage, every improper scene took place there. . . . He was in a dilemma—that was the word. He brightened a little at being able to put it into one word.

But Marchester! At a hundred tea-tables! He could see Miss Grigson, for example, bending forward and beginning: "My dear! . . .," her voice trailing off into a whisper.

It was intolerable!

He met Major Murray in the club—dear old "Chutney" Murray. "Chutney" was a man of the world, although he, too, for some years, had lived in Marchester.

He listened sympathetically up to the point of the Dean's entry into the bedroom. At that he laughed, with the loud, long laugh of a man with no sense of humour, the kind of maddening laugh which breaks down into a disjointed series of little grunts.

"Sorry!" he said, as he noticed the hunted look on Basil's face. "Sorry!"

Basil continued:

"And what," he asked at the end, "do you think I should do? Personally, I thought of writing to the Dean and explaining what really happened. But it seems so silly to say I went there because that wretched man in the shop suggested it!"

"It's awkward!" said "Chutney," after a thoughtful silence, "deuced awkward!"

"I know that!" said Basil, irritably.

"There's only one thing for it."

"Yes?"

"Marriage. You've got to marry her, my boy. She's pretty—you might do very much worse!"

"Oh yes . . . yes . . . But really . . ."

"There's no other course open to a gentleman, in *my* opinion. Think of the girl's reputation. Why, damme, sir! she won't have any left at all when Marchester has thoroughly chewed this affair over."

"If only it had not been a bedroom!" moaned Basil.

"But it was! You've got to face this thing, Carfax. You must, in *my* opinion, call on that young woman this very evening and ask her to marry you."

Basil withdrew to the Silence Room to think the whole matter out.

The more he thought over his friend's advice, the more he saw that he must act upon it; that it was his duty, as an English gentleman, to ask Miss Malpas to marry him. That he had compromised her unwittingly was neither here nor there. The pivotal fact was that he *had* compromised her.

And the more he thought, the less dreadful it all appeared.

Miss Malpas was a very pretty girl. He had often noticed her hair . . . and she was comfortably off. Now that he came to think things over, he knew it was not merely the need of a new rug in the study which had made him dissatisfied with his home of late.

In the end he saw the grim strength of "Chutney's" argument, and decided to do as he had suggested.

But it was impossible to call at the hotel. It might even mean explaining what had happened, to Mrs. Malpas! Indeed, he would probably have to propose in front of her for he had no idea how he was to get the girl alone.

He fell back on the telephone.

After the customary delay he managed to get Miss Malpas.

"I say," he commenced. "Er . . . I wanted to see you. . . ."

"Who is speaking?"

"Er . . . Mr. Carfax . . . er . . . about this morning . . . I wanted to see you."

This was not a brilliant start; he frowned.

"What about?" she asked.

"Er . . . about this morning . . . Very awkward the Dean barging in like that, don't you think? I beg your pardon?"

It sounded just as if she had laughed!

"I didn't speak. But what about the Dean?"

"Oh, nothing . . . I just wanted to see you . . . don't you know!"

"You can't very well, over the 'phone, can you?" she asked with a little tinkling laugh.

"In short, I wanted to ask you to marry me."

"This is very sudden!" she said, probably on purpose

"Er . . . *will* you marry me?"

"I'm afraid I can't, Mr. Carfax. I'm expecting my *fiancé* here any minute. But thank you very much for asking me."

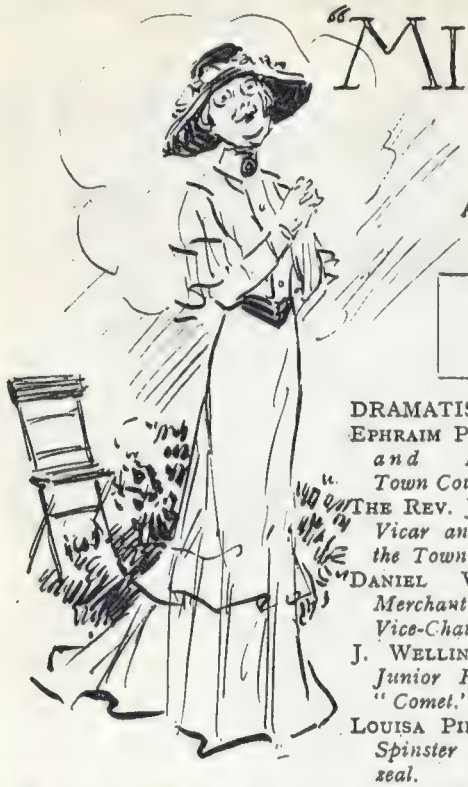
"Your *fiancé*!" he gasped.

"Yes. The engagement will be announced to-morrow. That's why I was so interested in furnished flats!" H. H.

The Rest Cure

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Old Bill (M.P.) is a firm believer in the river as a rest from his life on the stage



"MIDSUMMER MADNESS"

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BY "JINGLE"

ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL

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J. WELLINGTON SMYTHE, *Junior Reporter on the "Comet."*

LOUISA PIPKIN, *a Wealthy Spinster with reforming zeal.*

THE curtain rises on the grounds of Miss Pipkin's house, where a garden-party is being held, combined with a general meeting of the Townspeople in the good cause of Temperance. Two wasps are buzzing in the shrubbery, O.P. side, and an earwig is balancing itself playfully on the extreme edge of a laurel leaf. One of the stage hands is imitating the song of the missel-thrush, in order to create atmosphere, and two of the others are strolling in and out of the shrubbery to give the impression of a vast concourse of people. The time is about 5.38 p.m.

EPHRAIM POTTER, a quiet old man of philosophic mien, enters R. J. WELLINGTON SMYTHE enters L, and, given an even rate of progression, the two meet about the centre of the stage. Mr. Smythe is a very young man, and he is, therefore, naturally unable to avoid the suspicion that he is an extremely knowing person. As it is usual in plays to have a little dialogue, we will whack in an instalment here.

SMY.: Ah, Potter, my old bean! Been doing any experimenting lately?

POTT.: Yes. I have made a little scientific discovery that is going to revolutionise the world.

SMY. (*laughing noisily*): Oh, is that all? I thought maybe you had invented something really useful.

POTT.: I have invented a highly sensitised sheet of gelatine that actually absorbs the individuality of the persons nearest to it. When the gelatine is dry, I can scrape the surface and secure a fine powder which can be administered in the form of snuff, and which will momentarily change the entire nature of the person absorbing it.

SMY. (*playfully*): Liar.

POT.: It does sound incredible, doesn't it? I have, for instance, the concentrated temperaments of people who are happy, people who are dismal, people who are aggressive, and people who are of a modest disposition. Yesterday I invited a roadside tramp into my laboratory and encouraged him to chat naturally, while he split a bottle of wine with me. He talked for an hour on end on the subject of beer, and sang me a Bacchanalian ditty to wind up with. I got a very full sheet of temperamental germs from that chap.

SMY.: Go on! How do you test the result of your experiments?

POTT. (*producing a small box*): I have to rely on the good nature of my friends. Here is what I call my "dismal" snuff. Take a pinch.

SMY.: Righto, me lad! But if you think you can make me dismal to-day you are jolly well mistaken. I've just had my salary raised a quid a week, and I've got an advertising contract for six months with Bile Beans. Ha, ha, ha! (*He takes a pinch of snuff.*)

POTT. (*looking at him curiously*): Well, how do you feel now?

SMY. (*dejectedly*): Feel? How has everybody got to feel in these rotten times? Week in, week out, I have to grind away at this infernal reporting job, and what is there at the end of it? Nothing but the poorhouse for me!

POTT. (*consolingly*): Oh, cheer up, my lad! You've just had your salary raised, haven't you?

SMY. (*sneeringly*): Yes. Another mouldy quid a week! It doesn't pay for the boot-leather you wear out scooting round for news that never comes off in this one-horse town. If it wasn't for my poor old mother I'd emigrate to-morrow, though I don't suppose I'd be any luckier elsewhere. I'm the Jonah man. That's what I am! The—— (*Sneezes.*) Well, there you are, my lad! Your snuff makes people sneeze if it does nothing else. I told you you couldn't make me dismal a day like this. You drop these fanciful ideas of yours and cultivate some quiet hobby like growing spinach or keeping white mice. Hallo! here comes the Vicar. Who's the noisy little chap with him?

POTT.: That's Watson, our Vice-Chairman. He's leading the party that wants electric light in the town, chiefly, I believe, because he'll make a bit

out of it. But the Vicar thinks, quite rightly, that we ought not to saddle the ratepayers with such an outlay just now.

SMY. : Well, the noisy little man seems to be getting the best of the argument, anyway.

POTT. : Yes. That's what I am afraid of. The Vicar is too gentle with a man like that.

[*Enter the* VICAR *and* DANIEL WATSON]

VIC. : But, my dear Mr. Watson, there is really no need to raise your voice so much. I have told you I feel it my duty to oppose this scheme, and I really must ask the Council to vote against it.

WAT. (*aggressively*) : Oh, no, you mustn't! I'm going to have my say at the Council meeting. You think because you're a parson that you can boss everybody. But you can't boss me!

VIC. (*deprecatingly*) : I am sure, Mr. Watson, the last thing in the world I should think of would be to—to act as you say.

WAT. : Very well, then. Considering the backing of townspeople I've got behind me, it will be your duty to ask the Council to-morrow night to vote the electric light scheme unanimously.

VIC. (*hesitatingly*) : Well, of course, Mr. Watson, I want to do what is right, and I should be very sorry to hurt anybody's feelings. And if you are seriously of opinion that I ought to advocate the scheme——. Ah, here's our friend, Mr. Potter.

[POTTER *comes down stage and greets the two men*]

POTT. (*to Vicar*) : Don't let me interrupt your discussion, Vicar. I just thought you might like to join me in a pinch of composing snuff. (*Offers box.*)

VIC. (*taking a pinch*) : Ah, that is very thoughtful of you, Mr. Potter. My nerves have been very much tried over this electric light discussion.

WAT. : Well, they needn't be tried any longer. You're going to withdraw your opposition right now.

VIC. (*straightening himself up*) : Withdraw? Withdraw your grandmother! You must be getting light-headed, Watson. I'm out to smash this feather-brained scheme right here and now. Why, good God! are we to saddle the town with an everlasting debt for the benefit of a rotten little profiteering ironmonger?

WAT. (*confusedly*) : I—I don't quite understand. Been at the sherry again, haven't you?

VIC. (*pointing his finger warningly at W.*) : Now look here, Watson, I've stood a good deal of truck from you lately, but you've just about gone the limit. I'm the Vicar of this parish as well as Chairman of the Council, and I've got my cloth to consider. P'raps you think because I'm not quite so young as I was I've got to take lip from every mongrel puppy that comes to yap at me. But that's where you're barking up the wrong tree, my lad! If you'll take my tip you'll hop it before you get the thick ear that's coming your way!

[WATSON *takes a step back and then hurries off, muttering. The* VICAR *sneezes*]

POTT. (*to Vicar*) : I congratulate you, sir, on having so effectively disposed of Mr. Watson's arguments.

VIC. : Oh, he agrees, does he? I am so pleased. I am a little hazy about the last few moments, Mr. Potter, but I felt sure that if we met and discussed the matter in a friendly way he would see the force of my arguments. And I am so glad I was able in a quiet and decorous way, as becomes my cloth, to convince our friend of the futility of his scheme. But I must be going. I have promised to take the chair at the Temperance meeting. Miss Pipkin is giving an inspiring address to the people.

THIS is where we rest up a little from the dialogue and get back to normal, as it were. On the central lawn of the grounds of her house Miss Louisa Pipkin is about to address a number of her fellow-citizens, who have been fortified for the ordeal by various goes of pork-pie and ginger beer. The Vicar, in a few well-chosen words (the phrase is indispensable in these cases), introduces Miss Pipkin as a lifelong friend of the Temperance cause, and then resumes his seat.

MISS P. (*whose rising is the signal for subdued applause*) : My friends—(*we are back at the dialogue part again, by the way*)—my friends, I come before you to-day as one who does not know the taste of wine or beer, and I——

A VOICE : Well, now's your time, miss. The "Red Lion's" just opening.

VIC. : Order, please!

MISS P. (*embarrassed*) : These interruptions are very distracting. I am losing the thread of my discourse.

POTT. (*suddenly remembering the snuff he made from the emanations of his tramp guest*) : Take a pinch of tonic snuff, Miss Pipkin. It will give you more confidence. (*Offers snuff.*)

MIDSUMMER MADNESS (concluded)

MISS P. (*taking pinch*) : I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Potter. (*She holds herself more erect and pushes her hat to the back of her head.*) You know, boys, there's an awful lot of tosh being talked about the beer question.

SEVERAL VOICES : Hear, hear !

MISS P. : That's the stuff to give 'em, boys ! Mind you, I'm not saying that you can drink any old kind of wet that they put before you nowadays, though if it comes to that I'll drink swipes if I can't get anything better. But now and again I meet a real gent as 'll stand me a Bass or a Guinness or some proper stuff like that, and that's what puts heart and backbone into a chap.

VIC. (*laying his hand gently on her arm*): Miss Pipkin, are you not, perhaps, forgetting——

MISS P. (*drawing her arm away and playfully threatening to slap the Vicar*) : Oh, cheese it, you old sobersides ! You'd be a regular wet-blanket at any old kind of a meeting. What people want in these days is something to buck them up, and there's nothin' that'll do that for 'em quicker than good old English Beer. And early and often : that's my motto ! Listen here, boys. You've never heard me sing. I'll give you a treat. (*Sings.*)

" He who goes to bed and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October ;
But he who goes to bed and goes to bed mellow
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow ! "

(*She sneezes. A moment's pause.*) And, oh ! my dear friends, I am here to-day to warn you against the terrible conseqences of beer, and——

A VOICE : That's not what you were saying just now.

MISS P. : I beg your pardon, young man. I am perfectly consistent in my argument, and——

SEVERAL VOICES : Set dahn ! Set dahn !

MISS P. (*tearfully*) : Vicar, I appeal to you——

VIC. (*rising*) : My dear friends, I am sure you will bear with our charming hostess, who has, I understand, been overcome by the heat. The meeting will now adjourn.

VIC. *takes Miss Pipkin's arm and leads her to a cool spot.*

(*Applause. Cat-calls. Red Fire.* CURTAIN.)

JINGLE

IN THE PICTURESQUE FRENCH PYRENEES

A landscape photograph of the village of Fontpédrousse, situated in the midst of the best health resorts in France and in the vicinity of the French Cerdagne, which embraces all those towns, and, among them, Vernet les Bains, " the paradise of the Pyrenees," all of which are easily accessible from Paris on the Midi Railway

A Lazy Day

BY ELSA COURLANDER

A GARDEN IS SUCH A USEFUL EXCUSE

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

ASCOT ASIDES

THE CALL OF THE RIVER

BY MARION CRAN

Photograhs Clarence Ponting
The swans at Pangbourne are like the pigeons of St. Paul's—friendly when there's food about

WHEN our host announced at breakfast that he was going to motor us to the river, and "push us off" for the day, we laughed into his kind, whiskered face, and asked if he were not afraid to trust us where the spy-by-nights find so much to shock them.

His bushy old eyebrows twinkled into pagoda points while he considered:

"You'll find three punts," he said, "and three lunch and tea baskets. Sort yourselves out, and we'll talk it over at supper when I've fetched you all home."

There were six of us to be "pushed off," and as we went upstairs to find parasols and shady hats, Meg, the singer, came to my room to tell her little tale.

"My dear, do take Malcolm into your punt, and let me have the other Johnny. He's very dull, but he's safe. I get all helpless in a punt. It's most insidious in its action on my resistance!"

"What are you afraid of?" I asked, crossly. Meg is very handsome, but she's nearly thirty, and surely able to look after herself. The dull Johnny was my predestined punt-mate; and I knew it; being also "safe."

"Malcolm will propose; and I'd accept a gargoyle when I get melted up by beautiful scenery!"

"You might do worse," I urged, sympathetically. I was terrified at the prospect of spending the day in the company of an impassioned misfit. Nothing can be so rude on this earth as a suppliant lover deprived of his prey.

The first afloat were Jack and his young cousin; pretty as paint the two, and greedy as young cuckoos; with all the cider cup, and lobster mayonnaise, and most of the ice. They set off full of noise and chaff, he punting and she paddling in a mazy hurry to get to some place a long way off where they could have a swim before lunch, and borrow a couple of racing canoes after.

Malcolm arranged a medley of pale blue and mauve cushions with great care in the next punt—a fine colour scheme to frame his lady's ashen-fair hair . . . my hour had come. I held out a hand.

Tea in a punt and some more swans

"THE CALL OF THE RIVER" (*concluded*)

"You nice man!—I always said you were the most thoughtful creature——"

He handed me in among the cushions in murderous silence; lingering over the arrangement of our basket and gear with a noisy cry in every dumb glance at the other punt.

"Bother the woman!" I said to myself. "Why should she be so weak that I must suffer this brute?"

When the grey-haired man had stolidly taken possession of the graceless Meg and started upstream, my cavalier took his pole and savagely followed suit.

Lunch was a gloomy feast. I stood it till coffee and cigarette time; and then, all of a sudden, I was undone. I looked up and saw his dark eyes fixed in utter wretchedness on the fair head over the way. My heart melted; the river went to my head; I betrayed my trust; I asked him if he would change punts for tea, as I wanted to consult Meg's cavalier about some investments.

He said he would!

The change effected, I speedily lost sight of that punt; and the stolid Johnny and I settled down at last to peaceful enjoyment of the sparkling day. Rather remorsefully I reflected that the universal hypnotist had compelled me; I had been as weak as anyone, and had yielded shamelessly to sentiment—which is the call of the River . . . Well, anyway, this middle-aged man was safe; nothing could happen to cause *him* a pang!

Tea over, the ineffable beauty of sunset came down in a glamorous tide; the light passed from glory to glory; the whole riverside pealed ecstasy; and then the stars came singing into the silent places of the sky. Beautiful night walked royally after day.

I glanced at my punt-mate. His hands were round his knees, and his chin rested on them like the Zulu chiefs sit in burial; his eyes, hungry and tender, looked across the river meadows; enchantment was on him, too; his defences were down; he turned, and I met his glance; desirous, unappeased.

"I shall die with the thing I have wanted most, unpossessed." he said, softly. "From a boy I wanted it. I never wanted anything so much in all my life. As other men want a woman I have wanted land. The homely, common, lovely, magical mud of earth! I wanted land to own and to love. I wanted to woo it like men woo a mistress. To pet it, study it, feed it, watch, guard, tend, and cajole it; and see it bear for me, richly, like a lady who loves her lord. I wanted to spend my brain and body for that first last love of all mankind. All the passion of my body is land passion—I would have been a good husbandman. They turned me into a Bank manager . . . ."

The star-gleam fell across his unsatisfied face.

. . . . . .

At supper our host surveyed us with bushy, twinkling brows.

"Well!" he said, "what is the matter with the river?"

"It won me a wife," said Malcolm.

"It made me break a promise," said I.

"It's too romantic!" said Meg.

"It made me tell secrets," said the elderly man.

"It's topping!" said the lassie. "Jack can swim faster than me, but he can't paddle his own canoe for little apples!" M. C.

Keeping cool in a Thames backwater and keeping up with the aid of a bicycle tyre!

Photographs WHEN SUNSET FALLS ON THE RIPPLED THAMES *Clarence Vonting*

BY FRANK H. MASON

AN OLD-WORLD HAVEN

The "Mad Rabbit" in Golf

BY H. S. S.

SOME days ago, while discussing the result of the Amateur Golf Championship and other matters of current interest with a well-known golfer of my acquaintance, he began talking about "Rabbits." The subject was *apropos* because, as I gathered from him, the term has been extended so as to include not merely the duffer at golf, but the man who, according to the standards of ordinary, every-day golf, is quite a good player, but who, nevertheless, in a really big thing like the Amateur Championship, is not really capable, although he enters for it, of holding his own with the real "tigers" of the game. As compared with them he is, in fact, a "rabbit" When the draw is published and you start to reckon up the number of competitors who have a chance of winning, or even of surviving more than two or three rounds, you leave him out. Sooner or later he will encounter a Holderness, a Hunter, a Wethered, a Tolley, or some other equally eminent personage, and cannot, therefore, escape extinction except by a miracle. But the proviso "except by a miracle" is important. My friend used it as a text for an interesting homily.

HE told me that it is the "rabbits" who are really the cause of the agitation, which has been suppressed for the time being, but will certainly break out again, for a change in the conditions under which the contest for the Amateur Championship is held. The reform party, or the Bolshevists of golf, as they are termed by the more conservative of their fellows, think that the Amateur Championship in its present form opens the door (now that the entry is so huge) too widely to the element of luck.

I REMINDED my friend that in lawn tennis there is a similar agitation for the same reason—inflated entry lists—against what is known as the luck of the draw, and pointed out to him that in America, in order to eliminate the element of luck as far as possible, and to ensure the best man winning, they have decided that in future the draw is to be arranged in such a manner that the "tigers" do not begin to encounter each other until the later stages of the competition after they have all slain an equal or nearly equal number of "rabbits." This practically does away with the possibility of a "tiger," exhausted and maimed after combats with other "tigers," falling a prey to a "rabbit" who has come through several rounds unscathed. I asked him whether he thought that a similar plan would be likely to find favour with the reformers.

"NO," he said, "and for this reason. Arranging the draw does not do away with the bugbear of the '*Mad* Rabbit.' It is the 'mad rabbit' that these Bolshevists are up against."

"And by the 'mad rabbit' you mean——?" I queried. "The rabbit," he promptly replied, "who goes mad temporarily, never misses a shot of any kind from the tee or through the green, and rams down putts whether they are within holing distance or not. If he meets a champion when the madness is on him he is quite likely to beat him, but the madness seldom lasts for more than a round. In the next one, having beaten the champion, he becomes once more his ordinary, rabbity self, and goes down to a man whom the champion could have mopped up."

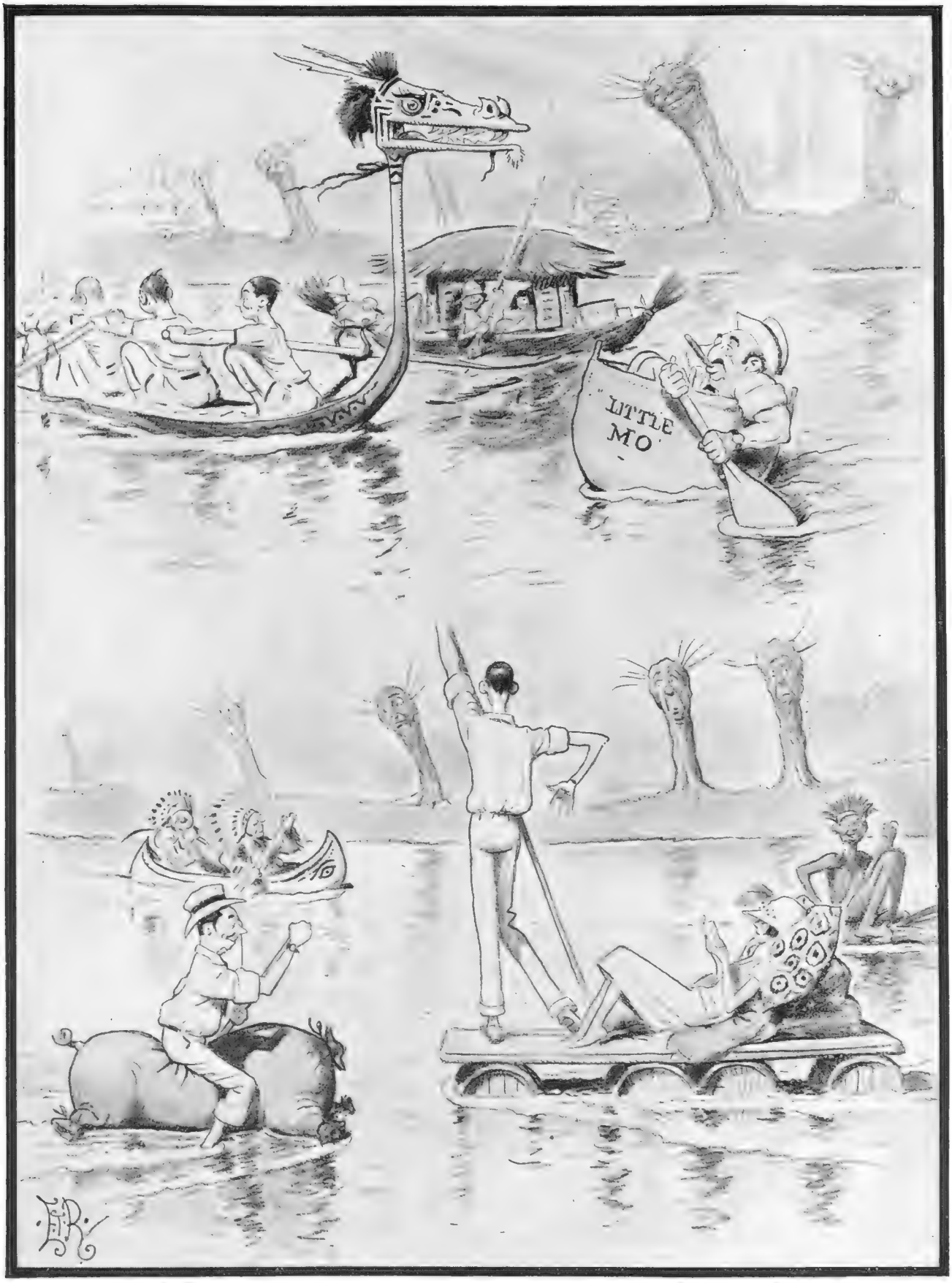
"People do not go mad at lawn tennis," he went on, "in the way they do at golf; form is more constant. For the matter of that the "mad rabbit" does not happen so very often in golf, but he happens."

"Then, I may take it, I suppose, that you are a Bolshevist?" was my next question. "No," he replied. "I am not at all sure that I am. But then, you see, I am not altogether a champion myself. I am rather inclined to think that this business of eliminating luck from games is being overdone. I should, therefore, be sorry to see the "mad rabbit" legislated out of existence. I think he adds greatly to the spice of life. There is room even in golf for a little comic relief." And who shall say that my friend was not right? H. S. S.

LIGHT FARE By M. BUTCHER

"How do you find the grub at your boarding house?"
"Oh, I generally carry my plate to the light"

Some Very Wild Waterfowl



BY E. T. REED

WE MAY SEE STRANGE CRAFT ON THE THAMES THIS SUMMER

Now that our boat-builders have "launched out" into gondolas, sandolos, etc., there are possibilities that cannot be ignored

"EAST IS EAST AND

"WEST IS WEST"

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Hats and Dinners in June

BY "CANDIDA"

FOR THE SEA-SHORE ONLY

A simple but attractive costume in black satin, ornamented with trimming of light grey

Models by Hellé

Photographs by Henri Manuel

SUMMER again! although I believe, strictly speaking, June calls itself the spring. The calendar has muddled things, for if ever summer was glad summer at its best, was the very soul of summer, it is in June when . . . No; I'll cut out the raptures. Open your window and look out, even if it's only on the green beauty of Kensington Gardens, or on the Square round the corner. It's June, the time when it is the proper thing to say how one adores the country, and all the nice, green things and the lovely flowers that grow, and how hard it is to go on breaking one's heart in Town. I wonder!

TO be strictly honest, June never makes me yearn for bowers of roses, the swish of trees, and the song of birds. June, to me, suggests visions of the Park at its leafiest and best, of Ascot hats, and, more adventurous still, of dinners in Paris at the last word in summer restaurants under the trees of the Bois de Boulogne. I don't doubt that my idea of a perfect June compares with a Nature-lover's June as a paper rose does to a Gloire de Dijon. We will not quarrel about it. How nice, anyway, to be alive under blue skies in the summer sunshine, even if you've never worn an Ascot hat at Ascot, nor dined in the Bois in your life. But to have done both, when the hat seemed worth paying for, and the dinner the trouble of eating, and life altogether was good enough to be young and merry and pretty in . . . well, you'll admit that my idea of existence has its points.

WHEN I think of Paris I always see the Avenue du Bois on a June evening and hear it humming with the grating of countless rubber tyres on newly watered pavements; the Avenue with its trees still in flower, a blue haze over the distant Champs Elysées, and the sun setting red and gold behind the Arc de Triomphe. I hope they'll never change it. France is so progressive nowadays, and one never knows what beautiful things they will not cheerfully sacrifice to the last hideous solution of the housing problem.

BUT the Bois they can't improve so long as a man cannot improve a tree. They do all the changing with the restaurants. It's always frightfully *chic* to dine at

A UNIQUE BATHING CAP

In multi-coloured silk

Model by Decosse

Photograph by Henri Manuel

just one of them, nobody knows why, and to leave the others alone, for reasons unfathomed and unfathomable. At half-past eight the *chic* place, whichever it is, is crowded with as exciting a lot of people as you can possibly imagine. Cosmopolitan ladies, famous for their pearls and their beauty, or what's left of it, men of talent, men of title, men of millions grouped together in unexpected combinations, dining, or, at least, appearing to dine, on *homard à l'américaine*, *dodine au Chambertin* and *fraises Sarah Bernhardt*. For most of this elegant crew which dines so splendidly every night hardly ever has any dinner. They follow a *régime* for their health, or their figure, or something.

THE joys of the Ascot hat and airy accessories are obvious. It's wonderful how the feeling of looking nice in the best crêpe *Romain* and a string of pearls will keep one happy and warm even when the sun is not working as hard as it should in June. And the consciousness of a becoming hat is worth its weight in rubies—so to speak—by which I don't mean that there is any weight about the hat. It looks all transparency and lightness, a hat not made with hands, but blown together by some blessed accident. And it is no heavier than it looks. A *capeline*, as the cartwheel of the moment calls itself, however immense (and they haven't stinted themselves in size this season), is as light as a feather, and how to keep it on a bobbed head when the wind gets up ever so little is a problem.

BUT I forget, this is June, and instead of talking Nature now and then, I have all the time sung the praises of silk roses and crêpe *marocain*. All in good time. When the grass grows brown and tired

A DEAUVILLE CREATION
This smart little suit is of black alpaca, with startling stripes of white braid

in the Park, and the new white paint in Piccadilly is a has-been, and everybody wears a jaded look because August is almost here, then we'll remember her — meaning Nature. But not now, not in this first June of the first real season we've had for ever so long. Nature must wait. CANDIDA

A WATER NYMPH
This dark smoke-grey bathing costume, trimmed with grey ribbon lacing, is singularly effective and would be very appropriate for a bather who really bathes

UNDOUBTEDLY CHIC
Of navy silk and trimmed with wide white braid, this flounced bathing suit looks both practical and smart

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that sinking feeling

JUNE ROSES

By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"Bathing"

LONDON, *June* 12

DEAR COUSIN—

LIFE'S all wonderful, isn't it? But, somehow, I think it's never *quite* so wonderful any other time as in June, when it's a real June, that is. And you know it really doesn't let us down and disappoint us half so often as some of the other months I could mention. August, f'rinstance.

GOT to be quite a habit with quite a lot of us, hasn't it, to take our holidays (if any) in that—'fraid I must admit—most treacherous of months? Conjures up visions, doesn't it? of blazing heat, and being lapped in rich luxurious sunshine, and only too glad to bathe heaps and heaps of times a day so as to keep even moderately cool, and deep blue skies and a still, scented air with heat squiggles quivering about everywhere and larks singing overhead.

WHEREAS, alas! only too often it's only just one series of shocks and shivers and simply fearful and heroic efforts in the optimistic way so's to persuade yourself that it's being any sort of imitation of summer at all. But dear, darling, lovely June, even at its worst moments, doesn't ever do us down quite like that.

FOR one thing, p'raps we don't expect so much, too much, of her. Flaming June we call her, cert'nly, but—knowing our climate—don't really and truly expect her for a minute to flame at all. Partly for which reason, I s'pose, she (as is the way, they say, of several feminine persons) promptly proceeds quite often to flame quite nicely and more than justify her name, so to speak.

AND after all, come to think of it (though not very many of us seem to), June *has* rather a way of being rather a fine month in the way of weather, even in modern times. Whereas about all the Augusts *I* can remember, anyway, have been the kind that make people say the climate isn't what it was, and what lovely summers there used to be in *their* days, before the Gulf Stream took the wrong turning, and so on. *You* know the sort of thing. . . .

BUT June. . . . June's the month of roses, to begin with—

Those blood drops from the burning heart of June,
Glowing like thought upon the living tree—

as John Masefield puts it. Roses, the most marvellous and exquisite flower the world over, whatever anyone may say—just as strawberries are quite the wonderfullest fruit. And *they're* June, too. . . .

AND there's longer to enjoy everything in than any other time, when June's on the *tapis*, isn't there? Positively the very longest day in the whole year next week as ever is—did you remember? And lots and lots of wonderful things to do in the time, even if you only just sit around and watch things happening and let the doing be done for you. And even if you're tied to Town as one of the slaves of work, *or* pleasure. Masses of dances and outdoor shows as well, like Ascot this week, and the Horse Show that starts at Olympia next Saturday, not to mention polo and lawn tennis and all the other millions of things that are right at the top of their swing just now at Ranelagh and Hurlingham and lots of other nice places.

"Like Ascot"

WHICH in June are still at their best and freshest, blaze the sun never so burningly from a clear, cloudless blue sky (except when invisible aeroplanes start writing things on it in smoke, that is). Adds rather a new terror to life, by the way, doesn't it—the very latest sort of sky-sign business, I mean? 'Spect it'll be sausages and pills next, and "Come home, Popsy, and all will be forgiven," or "Vote for Smith" (or Montmorency, as the case may be) at the general election, which, they say, is once more looming very near. Perfectly frightful thought—what?

STILL, after all, it hasn't happened yet, and no use worrying about future things, is it, anyway in flaming June? Present's more than *I* can fairly cope or grapple with,

"JUNE ROSES" (*concluded*)

I must confess, these days. Positively awful the way one neglects one's ordinariest duties in bumper sunshine weeks like we've been having. And the pile of unanswered letters gets bigger and bigger . . . seems such a sin and a shame to waste a single minute in doing things we ought to, when there are such lots we *want* to. 'Sides, adds a sort of flavour, doesn't it?—being quite utterly and entirely reckless and immoral. I mean. . . .

WONDER what sort of people we'd be, though, if it was *always* flaming June. Always glorious sunshine—'cept, of course, just the right amount of rain to keep things fresh, tactfully arriving always in the night—and long days starting about three and not really ending till about ten, and summer frocks and hats to wear all the time, and delightful summer things to do. Should we get very tired and flabby and cross, and long for winter and darkness just for a change? P'raps—but I can't for a moment b'lieve it, all the same.

CAN too much loveliness and happiness really be bad for us? 'Course, our pastors and masters say it would, but then, I s'pose, that's their job—to explain how all's been arranged for the best in the best of all possible worlds, that just now and then seems to some of us of the "ill-informed and passionate mob" a fairly poor sample. Anyway, apparently there'd be lots more marrying and giving in marriage, which the bishops and people (especially the bachelor ones) are always telling us to do.

SEEMS, 'cording to the authorities, there's a positive rush to the altar, so to speak, when the sun shines. Makes us all optimists, I suppose, as well as—well, these smiling days and soft, silky, caressing nights *do* make one feel rather *sociable*, as you might say, what? And don't bother half so much about the housing problem, people don't, when out-of-doors seems the only proper place ever to be at all, and every room a bit of a prison, even if it's just for sleeping in.

THOUGH nobly and bravely, all the same and even when a long, low chair in a shady garden seems the one and only spot to live in, we do in the end go on with our daily duties, especially the social ones of what's agreed to be the biggest Season for years and years and years. Lots of dances in Town this week, besides the Cambridge ones for the Mays, and next week at least two dozen private dances alone on the list, not to mention lunches and dinners, and all the rest of it.

AND with the Prince of Wales back next week, all truly loyal subjects no doubt'll feel it more than ever their bounden duty to do their bit in the way of the entertaining and being entertained that people seem still able to manage, spite of no one ('cording to themselves) having a penny left to spend these days. Anyway, every one's going to manage *somehow* to be at Princess Mary's big dance at the Albert Hall on the 28th, 'specially as the Prince is sure to be there. And as it's in aid of all the London hospitals, there's charity 's well as loyalty for excuse.

"The pile of unanswered letters gets bigger and bigger"

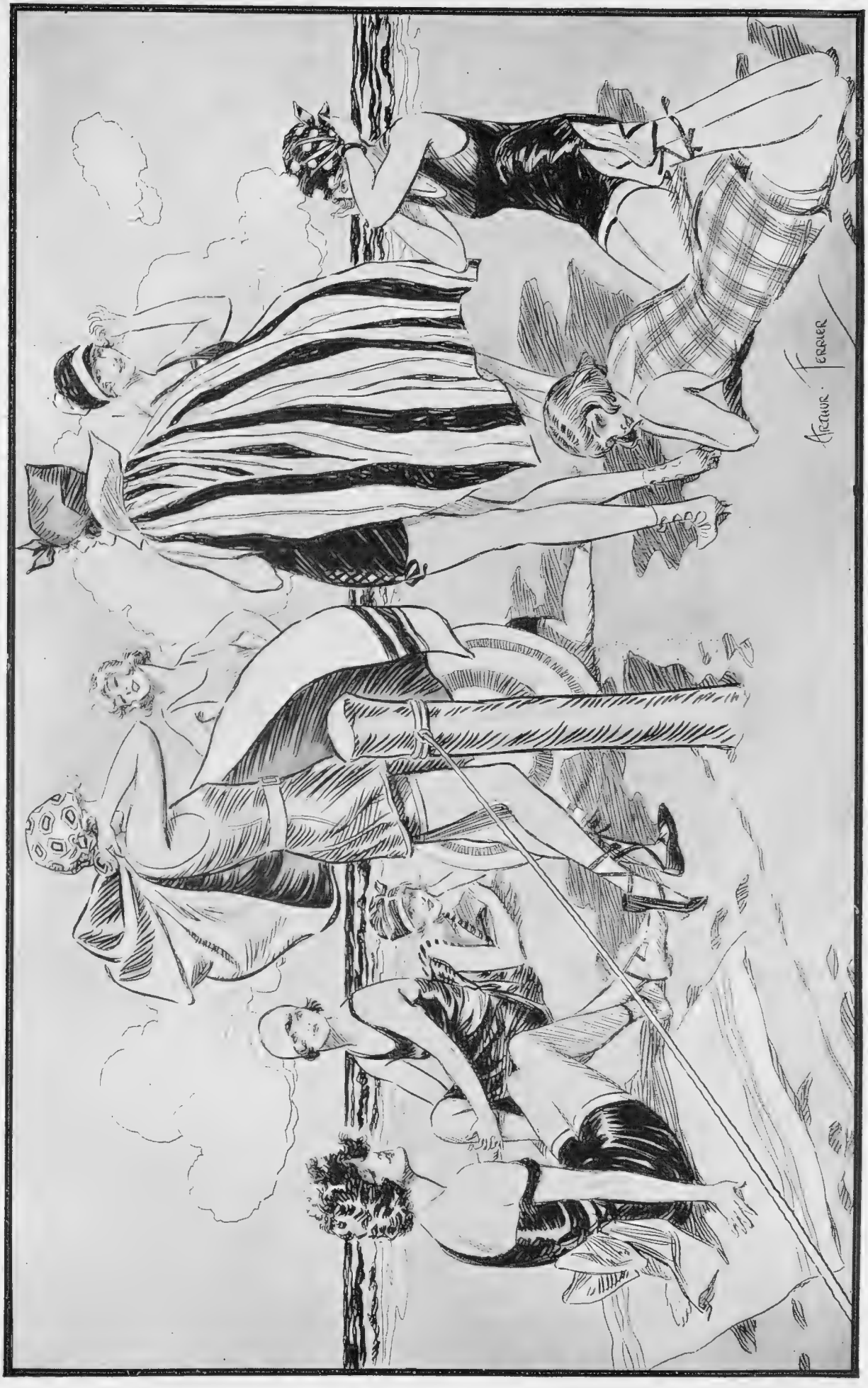
TALKING of loyalty, *have* you heard the new National Anthem, the one in Esperanto, that they gave at Queen's Hall the other day?

Gardu la Regon Di!
Tre longe vivu li
Lau nia preg'!

it begins. And ends, s' far as *I'm* concerned, though, I b'lieve, there's lots more. Sounds positively *dis*loyal. Best put it down to the heat-wave and leave it at that, what?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE



"THEY TOIL NOT NEITHER DO THEY SWIM"

BY ARTHUR FERRIER

POLO NOTES

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

Bravo, Argentina!

HEARTY congratulations to our dashing young friends from the Argentine upon their notable achievements of carrying off the Whitney Cup and the Roehampton Open Challenge Cup. The former success will have been the more agreeable to them in that the same tournament was won in the second year of its institution by another team from the River Plate. My polo readers will remember the Wild Horse four and the big stir they made here in 1910. Their tremendous hitting and fine horsemanship fairly staggered those who had not suspected that the Argentine players were possessed of such quality. The recent success of the Argentine Polo Federation was not so unexpected, but the team certainly displayed better form than they had done in the Social Clubs' Cup a week previously. Mr. Louis Lacey and Mr. David Miles have proved themselves a very formidable combination, while Mr. John Miles and Mr. John Nelson are correspondingly good in the attack. The whole team showed to immense advantage against the Hurlingham four in the fine Whit-Monday match.

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

THE WINNERS OF THE ROEHAMPTON CUP

The Argentine four achieved yet one more success by beating Eastcott in the final of the Roehampton Open Cup Tournament by 8 goals to 2. Although Eastcott, under Mr. Earl Hopping's guidance, played a good game, they were unable to withstand the combination and offensive of the Argentine players. From left to right the winning team: Mr. L. L. Lacey, Mr. D. Miles, Mr. J. B. Miles, and Mr. J. Nelson

A Player of Promise

I REMEMBER two years ago watching a regimental game in which Mr. W. Filmer Sankey was displaying good form at No. 1. Mr. W. S. Buckmaster was with me at the time, and after the match he said, "That youngster is sure to make a really good player." Praise from Cæsar is praise indeed, and I have been interested ever since that day in following the good progress in the game which Mr. Filmer Sankey has undoubtedly made. It would seem that Mr. Buckmaster has also kept his eye on him, for we now find the young Guardsman playing with that famous exponent in the Freebooters' team. What is more, Mr. Filmer Sankey played well up to his handicap in the Whitney Cup Tournament, and it was certainly no fault of his that the Freebooters were knocked out of the tournament by the Quidnuncs after the hardest game I have seen this season. He also did well on Whit-Monday considering the brilliant defence which was opposed to him.

An American No. 1

POLO is badly in need of young blood, and it is delightful to find players like Mr. Filmer Sankey coming to the front. Another youngster who is doing very well this season is Mr. S. Sanford, known as "Laddie" to the other members of the Eastcott team. I watched his play very carefully during the tournament for the Social Clubs' Cup, and it was satisfactory to note the great improvement he has made since this time last year. Some of the strokes he made were worthy of players standing at double his handicap, and it is evident that Mr. Sanford has made good use of the coaching he has received from Mr. Earl Hopping. I wonder, by the way, how the latter likes being referred to in one of the papers as "the young American millionaire"? I guess he wishes that the dream might come true! The presence of Mr. Hopping adds materially to the interest of London polo, and I daresay his team will win several more cups before the year is out. There is, I understand, a scheme on foot in America by which an English team will be entertained there early in the autumn. Lord Rocksavage has made himself responsible for getting up a side, but it is impossible to say at present how the team will be composed.

Richmond Horse Show

A Popular Event

RICHMOND Show again proved itself one of the most popular of the open-air shows of the London Season. The character of this show has changed very materially since I first knew it. It was then a horse show in the real sense, without many of the side-dishes which are now attached to it. Still, the lighter vein seems to please the public immensely. The various displays given by the mounted police last week were well designed, and went down extremely well, even though they savoured of a circus performance in the opinion of some of the old-fashioned visitors. They certainly included a great deal of very clever trick riding. Much the same displays are to be repeated at the International Show, and are quite likely to go with a rip in the more circumscribed area at Olympia.

The Four-in-Hands

A GALLANT display was made by the four-in-hands, and it was a pity that the entry into the ring of the members of the Coaching Club on the opening day should have been accompanied by a heavy shower of rain. I must admit that the spectacle of five beautiful teams showing themselves to advantage round the ring was a relief after the rather tame "cowboy" display which had preceded it. It was quite like old times to see Sir Edward Stern handling his famous team of blue roans. Of course, they are not the lot which we used to admire at Richmond and Olympia before the War, though it would be difficult to tell "t'other from which."

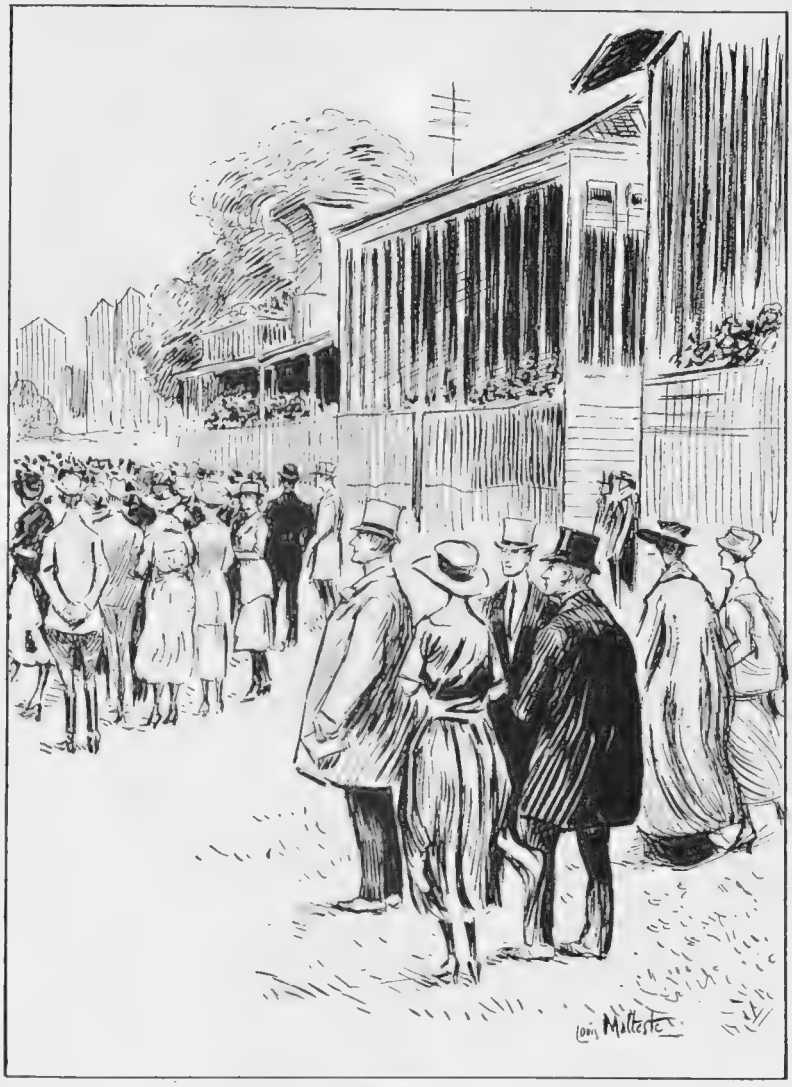
The Greys Win

MR. GEORGE LOCKETT'S greys were a very sporting-looking team, and if I wanted to get to the end of a twelve-mile stage over a hilly country this would have been the lot I should have selected from the class. The judges seemed to entertain much the same view, for, to the surprise of many of the ring-side critics, they placed Mr. Lockett's team at the top. The hacks, which came into the ring on the first day, were as good as anything of the type I have seen at Richmond. Major R. W. Stewart Richardson's Proud Eagle is a beautiful thoroughbred and well deserved its honours.

A. W. C.

Men, Women and Horses

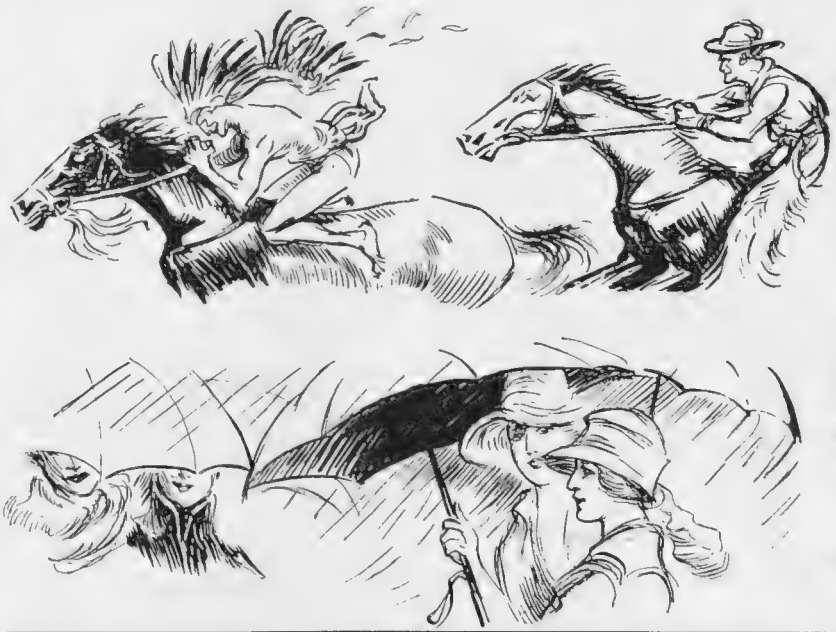
AT THE ROYAL RICHMOND SHOW

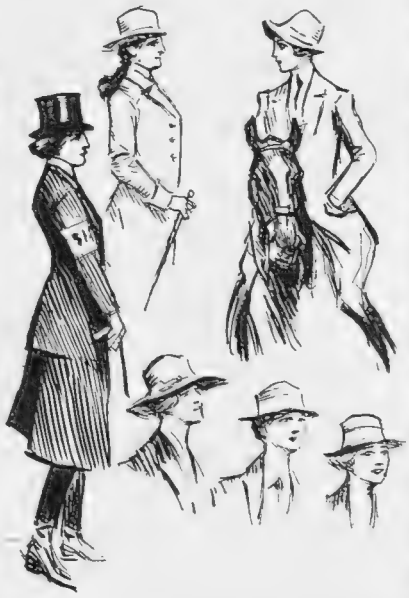


Spectators

Types and top-hats in the ring

Keen sportsmen and the aristocrats of the equine world were all at Richmond last week





BY LOUIS MALTESTE

The Royal Richmond Horse Show this year was a bigger success than ever, principally because the entries were good, and there were interesting features on the programme which had a general appeal. These included the usual good jumping, but most popular were the Mounted Police in their exhibitions of trick riding and a mock attack on Dribbler's Inn disguised as Indians and Cowboys, which latter must have thrilled the most satiated of cinema enthusiasts, though the subsequent display by the four-in-hands must have come as a relief to the more old-fashioned visitors

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

Royal Ascot

THERE will be plenty of pens to rhapsodise concerning the splendours of Ascot this week, and, even as a practical racing man, I would not attempt to detract one iota from the pæons of praise. For beyond a shadow of doubt all things are well done at Ascot. Details which make for the enjoyment of visitors are studied down to the closest particular. Last year, owing to the railway restrictions, I went down by car each day, and I have grateful recollections of the excellent arrangements which were made by Major E. R. Rivers, who is "O.C., Motors," at Ascot. This time, I am informed, the R.A.C. have again made adequate preparations for the reception of those who are doing the meeting by road. I am for the trains this year, and it will be pleasant once again to take advantage of the wonderful series of "specials" which the London and South Western Railway have resumed. The company in question lay themselves out to cater well for Ascot, and succeed admirably in their object.

The Hunt Cup

THE Royal Hunt Cup on Wednesday will be a tremendous puzzle. The handicap has been cunningly put together, and I have seldom seen a more open race. Some of the fillies look to be well in, notably Invergarry, Blue Lady, and the penalised Tetrabbazia, but we cannot forget that a filly hardly ever wins the Hunt Cup, so I shall cut them all out. If Donoghue rides Leighton I shall hesitate to look further for the winner, for this tantalising colt is nicely weighted, and the course will suit him better than Lingfield did. I shall have a wholesome dread of Collaborator if he comes into the field, for on a straight course this colt is a regular smasher. The Chattis Hill stable will send a formidable candidate to the post, probably Silver Image, while Monarch and Crubenmore also come into the reckoning. I shall vote for **Silver Image**, taking LEIGHTON as a second string.

Gold Cup Prospects

WE look like having a decidedly interesting Gold Cup on Thursday. Much will depend upon how Polemarch behaves himself. If he "gets off" he is bound to have a great chance of success, but is it prudent to trust him after his mulish display at Epsom? Perhaps it will be better to depend on Franklin again, though he has yet to prove his stamina, as the Cesarewitch winner, Yutoi, has done so convincingly. However, I shall take a chance of **Polemarch** showing improved manners. If he does he should win for Lord Londonderry. The New Stakes on the same day will be one of the best two-year-old races of the week. Basil Jarvis will hope to saddle the winner, but I shall vote for **Legality**, who ought to have won when he first appeared at Newmarket.

By "THE TOUT"

MR. ANTHONY DE ROTHSCHILD

Who, as owner of the famous "blue and yellow," has to live up to a great reputation. His horses are under J. Watson's care, and among them is the recent winner, Roman Fiddle

Photograph *Central Press*

THE REGATTA SEASON OPENS ON THE BROADS

The first of the Broads Regattas took place on Oulton Broad under the most cloudless of skies, when many boats from the various Norfolk and Suffolk Broads competed. This is the start of the Broads "One Design" race

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Below are illustrated three articles which are well known and sold by retail shops at one guinea each. These have been supplied to the Red Cross Society at special terms, rendering it possible to offer them to the public at their usual price of one guinea and to give one **5/-** ticket free, enabling you to participate in the Ballot. On the other hand, if you do not want one of these articles, you can purchase one or more Ballot tickets at **5/-** each.

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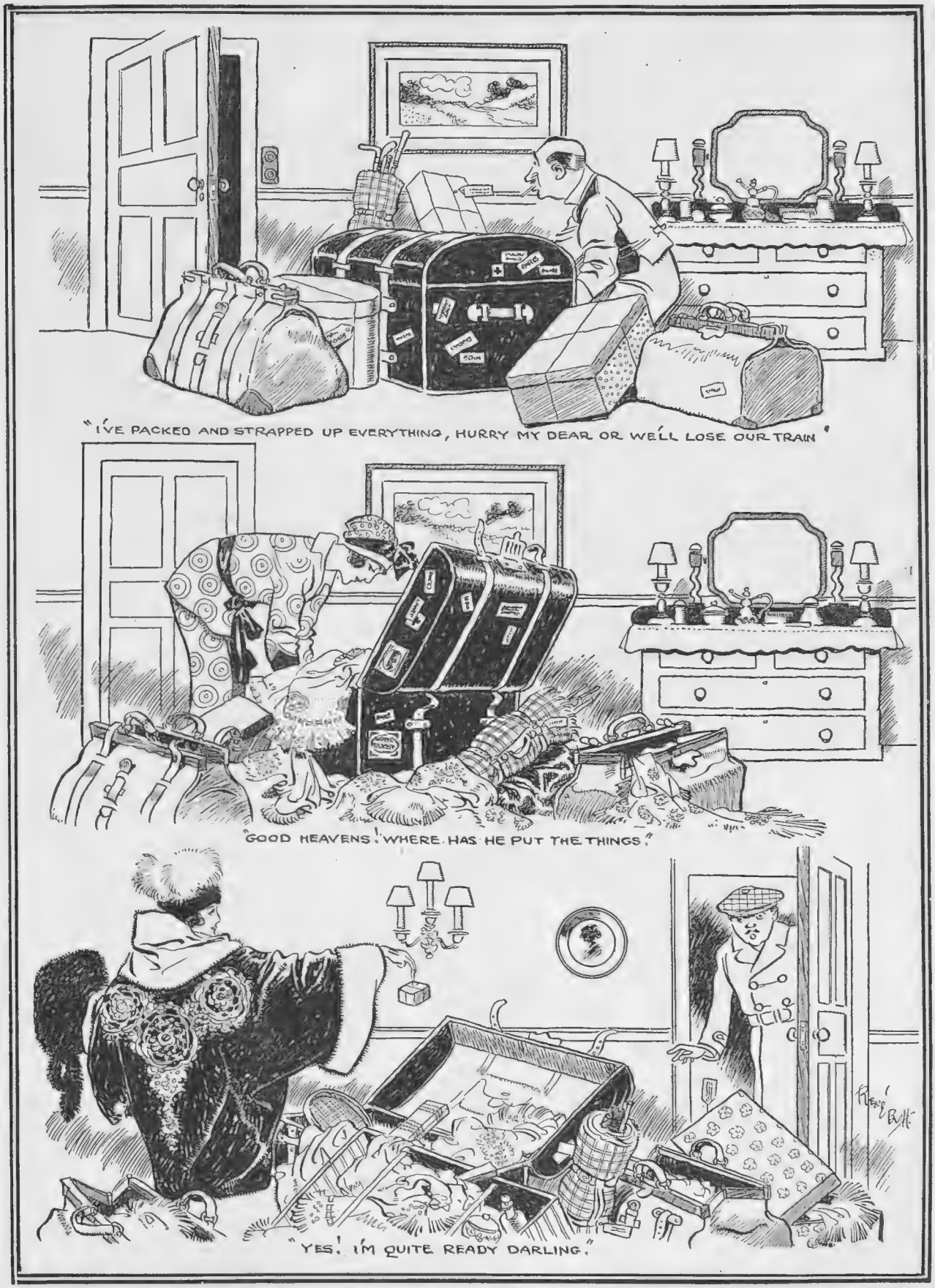

BY RENÉ BULL

A HOLIDAY TRAGEDY

By Stanley Lloyd

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FASHION

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IN fashion the modern man is conservative by necessity, whilst the modern woman is revolutionary by instinct. Financially, man may be likened to the hungry leopard unable to afford a change of spots, and woman may be compared with the fabled chameleon—apparently living on air, but magically contriving perpetual change.

Man's burden is slightly lightened by the boon of being able to appear in society in last year's clothes without being ostracized. It would be tragic if one season his trousers were cut short to the knee, whilst the next they trailed on the parquet floor.

Women are more inconstant than men both in fashion and emotional fancy. They are clay in the hands of the designer. They will cheerfully discard a graceful style and even welcome an ugly one, so long as they can be persuaded it is new. They will accept any abortion if it is labelled a creation.

The new flowing gowns will cover a multitude of feet and enrich the coffers of the costumières. They will also bring great joy to the hearts of the fair ones with thick ankles.

The design and the cut of men's clothes do certainly alter in the finer points from season to season, but not to the extent that the old suit is unwearable. An illustration of this occurred at one of the most fashionable hotels on the Riviera in 1922. At luncheon a man was remarked upon by several as the best dressed man in the room. It was subsequently discovered that he was wearing a suit made by Pope and Bradley in 1913. It was, therefore, nine years old.

This is a true and significant story. If a suit is really well cut it has the indelible stamp of style, if it is really well tailored it always retains its shape, and if it is made of the very best cloth it never wears out. As a matter of fact, Pope and Bradley's clothes last too long. But for this fact the proprietor would be a millionaire with an impaired digestion and a jaundiced outlook. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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"THERE'S A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN" By Fleming Williams
Fast aground, and she's just refused him

Holiday Books

BY RALPH STRAUS

HERE are a few new books for a hot summer week—none of them concerned with very terrible problems, though Major Crichton, to be sure, can be gruesome when he likes—but good stories all, to be taken, let us say, three times a day after food—though not too seriously. And let us begin with the jolliest of novels by Lady Troubridge. You probably know her work, and how interesting and amusing it can be. Her new book has a title which alone should ensure its success—*His Grace Gives Notice* (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Yes, the Duke of St. Bevis, who is one of the best fellows ever born to fold trowsers and wait at my lord's table, is a footman. He doesn't know that he *is* a Duke, but when a lawyer arrives—the fun begins. Now the idea could be treated in many ways, but Lady Troubridge has chosen what seems to me to be easily the most interesting path. The idea itself sounds farcical, but suppose that such an affair actually did happen! Suppose that a Canadian ex-service man, who from afar had worshipped his master's daughter (and hung her portrait in his bedroom into the bargain) really did turn out to be a rich Duke! You can see the possibilities of the thing, and I hasten to add that Lady Troubridge has built round her theme a most entertaining and exciting yarn—just the book, in fact, for a hammock, or if you haven't yet slung one in your back-yard, for the biggest armchair you possess. A delightful book in every way, which, I hear without surprise, is shortly to make its bow to the American public.

THEN there is Major C. H. Crichton. His is a new name to readers of fiction, but his *Tales of Love and Hate* (Mills and Boon: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) should ensure him a warm welcome. They are of various kinds, some light and fantastic, others brimful of the right sort of drama. All are marked by a quiet distinction. And, as you might expect from the title, there is a Guignol touch here and there. "The Avenger" brings a queer thrill in its trail, for you are shown that Unknown Warrior, who sleeps in Westminster Abbey, rise up from his grave and stalk down to the Commons. Equally strange is the story of "The Fusilier in Spain," wherein a most eerie experience is described. Then there is the truly horrible story of the Dancing Basha, whose punishment, for all that it may fit his crime, is ghastly.

BUT there are lighter themes. You must read of Pietro, the dancing bear, who has to be sold to save his mistress's life, and is sent into the arena to fight a bull—just to amuse the Spaniards. And you must smile over that other story of Spain in which a little coterie of nuns behave in a very remarkable manner on the arrival of a beggar in their midst. Altogether it is an intriguing collection of unusual stories which makes you wonder what Major Crichton will do when he tries his hand at a more sustained piece of work.

FOLLOWS Mr. Patrick MacGill, who does not desert rustic Ireland in his new novel. In *Lanty Hanlon* (Jenkins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), however, he introduces you to what is for him a new type of Irishman. Lanty is a very lovable rascal, and much, I suppose, must be forgiven a man who, all unpardonably, is baptised with whisky instead of the more usual water. Lanty tries his hand at many financial schemes, and has his ups and downs. On one occasion he is reduced to being seen in naught but a red petticoat, but, later on, with his faithful servant and biographer to assist him, he becomes a really great man. The Ballykeeran Development Society is a gorgeous fraud, which brings in much money—for a time; but, alas! even the most gorgeous fraud does not always succeed in Ireland or anywhere else, and Lanty remains a poor man. It is typical of him

(*Continued on page 75.*)

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9 0	x 7 6	- 7 1 0	12 0	x 7 6	- 9 7 6	15 0	x 10 6	- 16 8 6
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10 6	x 6 0	- 6 11 6	12 0	x 10 6	- 13 2 6	16 6	x 10 6	- 18 1 0
10 6	x 7 6	- 8 4 0	12 0	x 12 0	- 15 0 0	16 6	x 12 0	- 20 12 6
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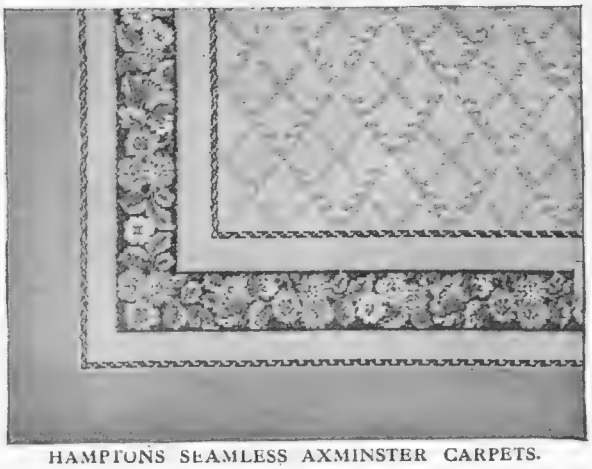

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GLASGOW, ——— Scotland.

HOLIDAY BOOKS (concluded)

that he should toss a coin on the last page of the book to decide the question whether he should marry a certain young woman or not, and it is equally typical of him that the coin should come down the right side. Mr. MacGill has written more important books, but none so lighthearted and amusing.

⁂

IT is a commonplace to say that Englishmen do not take very much interest in affairs outside their own country. Take Poland, for instance. She has regained her sovereignty, and Paderewski had something to do with it, had he not? But what was all that fuss about Upper Silesia, and why are so many people quarrelling over Dantzig? Such questions, I know, have been asked often enough, but the average replies have been vague and unsatisfactory. Very few people, in point of fact, *do* know anything of this new Poland.

⁂

WHEREFORE I invite you to read Mrs. Devereux's extraordinarily interesting book, *Poland Reborn* (Chapman and Hall: 15*s.* net). Mrs. Devereux knows Poland and its neighbours inside out, and you can see that this book came hot from her pen immediately on her return home from this new-old country. Under her guidance you begin to understand the terrific task which these makers of New Poland have set themselves. You begin to realise just how Germany is still working for her own ends. Mrs. Devereux knows well enough the various political complications that have arisen and must arise in the future, but she goes unfalteringly on, and sets out the results of her investigations in a very readable way. Indeed, a whole new outlook will necessarily be yours after reading her book, and not only the Poles themselves should be grateful for her labours. This is not to say that she is unduly biassed; it means that the truth, as seen by one clever woman, is at last set before you.

A YOUNG AUTHORESS

Miss Viola Bankes, whose first novel, "Shadow Show" (John Long, 7s. net), has achieved an appreciable success, is but twenty-two, and lives in the heart of the Dorset country at Kingston Lacy

⁂

FINALLY, there is Mrs. Henry Tippett, who, after a lengthy interval, issues another novel, and is fortunate to have Mr. William J. Locke for her sponsor. *Living Dust* (Bale: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a readable book, though told, perhaps, at too great a length. Michael Ford, a world-renowned scientist, has a wife who is mad, and being unable to re-marry "keeps house" with a nice somebody else. But when his Dorothea dies, there seems little left for him except work. However, another Dorothea intrudes, who is extremely young and extremely aggressive. She proceeds, outrageously enough, to do her best to "annex" him, and you wonder what on earth is going to happen. But there is also a nephew, and most readers will be satisfied when they learn that the "best man wins."

R. S.

Best quality Pigskin, lined suède, fitted with Silver-mounted and Cut Glass Toilet Articles.

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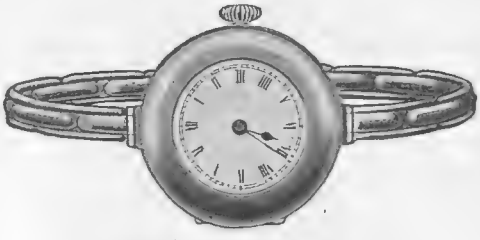
By Wilson Fenning

First Optimist: "We ought to get to shore in about three hours now"
Second ditto: "That's good, Jack. I shall just about have finished this jumper by then!"



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for this ten-day test. See what it reveals to you.

Then judge for yourself how it pays to fight film.

Send the coupon for *your* ten-day tube. The test will be delightful.

Those Pretty Teeth

How careful people get them

Careful people—millions of them—are brushing their teeth in a new way. They do it almost the world over, and largely by dental advice.

Whiter teeth is one result. You see them everywhere. Now we urge you to try the method which they use. Ask us for a ten-day test.

Just remove the film

It is film that makes teeth dingy. That viscous coat clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays there. The tooth brush used in old ways has left much of it intact.

Film is what discolours, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. Most people's teeth are kept clouded by it, more or less.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth and the acids may cause decay.

Most tooth troubles have a potential origin in film which old-way brushing left on teeth.

What must be done

Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists, here and abroad, are urging their daily use.

A new-type dentifrice has been created, called Pepsodent. It complies with modern requirements. And these film-fighting methods are embodied in it. Every use attacks the film in two effective ways.

Aids Nature too

Gummy starch deposits also cling to teeth, and often ferment and form acids. To digest them, Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva. Every use of Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant.

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Thus Pepsodent twice daily brings five desired effects. It has brought to millions, as it will to you, a new conception of clean teeth.

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See the new beauty, feel the new cleanliness. Then judge for yourself what such results may mean to you and yours. This is too important to forget. Cut out the coupon now.

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A scientific film combatant, combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised for daily use by leading dentists everywhere. Supplied in large tubes by all druggists.

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name .....

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Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

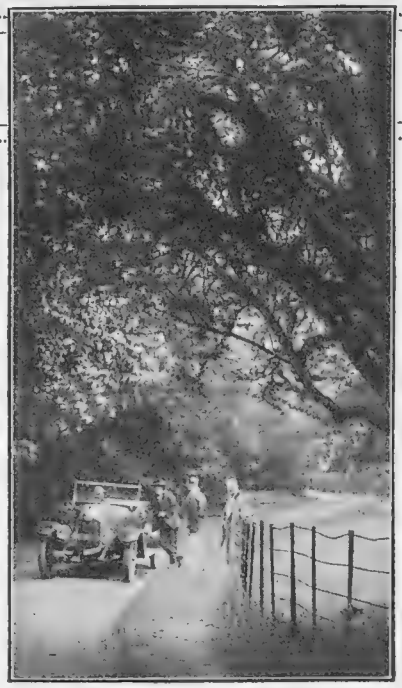
The Bystander, 14/6/1922

MOTOR NOTES

It seemed quite like old times to take the wheel of an air-cooled engined car, as I found myself doing the other day, as the 10 h.p. B.S.A. accelerated on the hills like a fast motor-bike and an umpteen four-figure car could not get away from me anyhow. I expected that I should have to spend more time in looking after it during the three days it was lent to me than a water-cooled wallah; but, bless your heart alive! not a bit of it, as it ran like a clock—with a fairly audible tick. I must say, too, that the clutch is one of the best I have "footed" for many a long day, and the clutch need be a good one in a two-cylinder runabout, as such engines require easing at times of the load to let them pick up a bit.

* * *

I can heartily congratulate the B.S.A. on their latest production, as the engine develops plenty of power, it is very fast on the road, excellent brakes, and the body very comfortable. In fact, it is quite a high-class job, which, perhaps, accounts for its price, which is not as low as its rivals. But, then, you have a starter that does its job excellently, a car that carries three even better than one, and some proper "posh" equipment.



IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT

An informal group snapped with their 19.6 h.p. Crossley touring car on the drive to Farringford, the home of Lord Tennyson, at Freshwater

These include overhead valves, aluminium pistons, roller bearings, big ends, propeller shaft in ball-headed torque tube, Daimler-Lanchester worm gear back axle drive, magneto M.L. ignition, "Enots" grease gun fittings—and the gun to grease the shackles, hubs, etc.—and a balanced crank-shaft on two large ball bearings that enables the engine to tick over slowly, or run up to 2,600 revs, and more, without a period. And you cannot get all these refinements for nix, hence the £ s. d. asked for it. Also, it is no trouble to change gears, either up or down, silently, so it is the goods for hopping along on the country roads, and you need not eat the other fellow's dust if you don't want to.

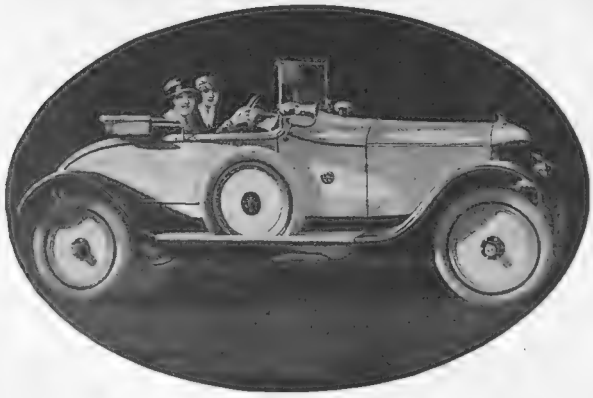
* * *

Though the cause was Charity and Royalty patronised it, I was a bit disappointed that not more than 7,000 people turned up at Brooklands for the Royal meeting of the Essex Motor Club. Anyway, little Georgie Reynolds deserves gold medals galore for the excellent show he provided at the cost of some very hard work, which he put in most willingly. Ivy won her race, too, so the President, Mr. Sydney Cummings, her father, beamed more than ever in the sunshine, and it was a hot afternoon and no mistake.

* * *

Winners, too, turned up at some wonderful prices, ten and twelve to one shots, which does not often happen, neither did the bar run out of liquid, so all was well, and I hope the

(*Continued on page 755*)



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Prices from
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In the opinion of Miss Viola Meeking, well known as an 'A-C' driver, the essential characteristics of a perfect lady's car are Ease of Handling, Unquestionable Reliability, Comfort, and Smart Appearance, coupled with a good turn of Speed. It is in just these characteristics that the 'A-C' car excels over all others.

Full range of models always on view.

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The address of Agent in your district sent on request

Prominent Motor Journalists See SHELL Tested

7. Mr. H. THORNTON RUTTER
in the "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

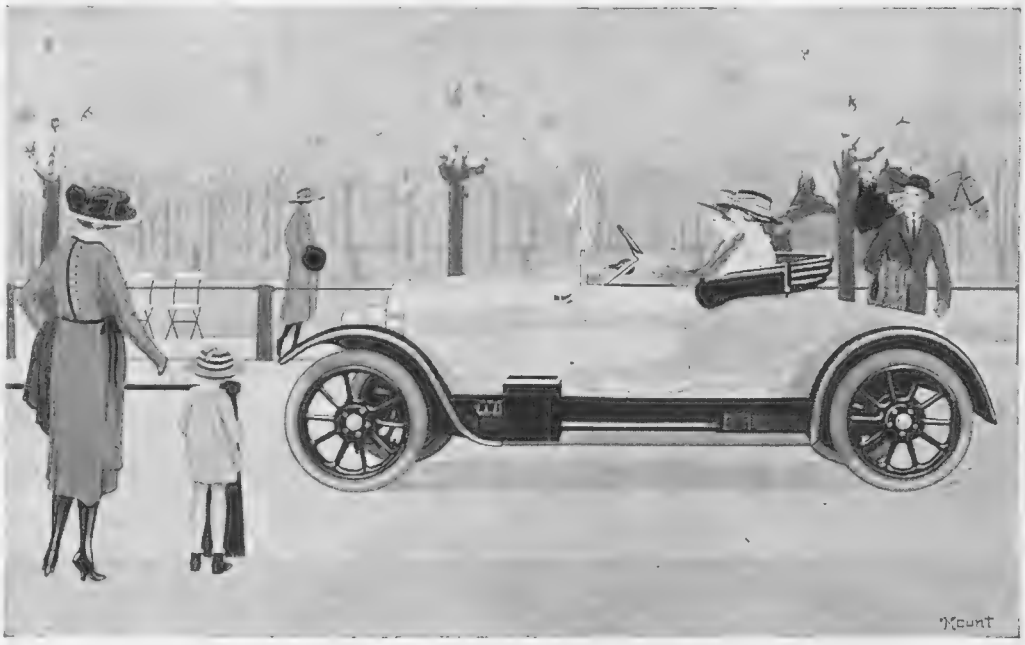
"TESTING SHELL SPIRIT. A variable compression single cylinder engine has been designed for the express purpose of testing Shell Spirit. . . I inspected this testing plant lately, and ***it was astonishing to note the difference between one petrol spirit and another*** in regard to the amount of compression they would stand without detonating or 'pinking.' . . . . The aim of the Shell Company in testing their spirits is to ensure that they not only allow an improved compression, and therefore ***more miles per gallon***, but that the composition of the petrol is ***always the same standard***. . . . The Shell company is fortunate in controlling the output of the Borneo fields, and can therefore offer its customers a fuel that will stand the test of this variable compression engine to ***prove its worth against all comers.***"

SHELL

To ensure the best running, use Shell Spirit and Shell Motor Lubricating OIL

SHELL-MEX, LTD.
Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2

WOLSELEY



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The Wolseley Fifteen Saloon ..	£1025
The Wolseley Twenty Laudaulette	£1450
The Wolseley Twenty Coupé ..	£1375

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

Duke of York will come again, and bring all his brothers, too, as it was a real lucky meeting for everybody. In fact, our one and only Charlie, the bookmaker, paid some gent £14 by mistake in the excitement, but as I put Charlie on a 12 to 1 chance which came home romping I guess he called his gift "charity" and let his punting effort cancel any ill-will on his own mistake. After H.R.H. had given away the medals he drove off in his own Armstrong-Siddeley, taking the wheel amid the cheers of the crowd as a proper motorist himself.

* * *

WHAT a year this is for speed with cars of all descriptions, big, small, or medium size, knocking old records to pieces. Now Kenelm Lee Guinness has got the twelve-cylinder Sunbeam to sit on the track there seems to be no limit to what that car will do, and I imagine the Isle of Man will produce a wonderful new speed record out of the Vauxhall, Bentley, and Sunbeam "three litre" cars for a twisty road course. The Vauxhalls, by the way, are fitted with pneumatically operated four-wheel brakes, the Bentleys have a smaller radiator and a new camshaft to improve their speed, and, no doubt, the three Sunbeams will be very "hot packets," too.

* * *

THE latter have eight-cylinder engines against the fours of the Vauxhall and the Bentley, so the battle of the cylinders is going to be fought all over again. Guinness, Seagrave and Chassagne drive the Sunbeams, W. O. Bentley, F. Clements, and W. D. Hawkes, with G. A. Vandervell in reserve, the Bentleys, but I have not heard at the moment of writing who pilots the Vauxhalls. The small Wolseley 10 h.p. has, with the A.C., lowered any amount of records, while the Ballots hope to create further wonderful m.p.h. in the French Grand Prix at Strasburg in July.

* * *

THE Dunlop people have much to congratulate themselves on with regard to the Scottish Six Days' Trial, for they carried the Martinsyde machines through without the loss of a single mark, which illustrates, in a wonderfully clear manner, the remarkable resistance of these Dunlop tyres. To see them, one would almost imagine, from their unblemished condition, that they were unused tyres—instead of tyres which had passed through the gruelling work which the "Scottish Six Days" entails, and it is not surprising that Messrs. Martinsyde have heartily congratulated the Dunlop Company on the reliability of the tyres during the trials, and their perfect condition at the finish.

OLD HY.

A FIRST-CLASS CUNARDER

A superb 40/50 h.p. Napier car, fitted with a Cunard body, outside the Casino at Monte Carlo

THE C.A.V.

LIGHTING & STARTING SYSTEM can always be relied upon to render the Motorist unfailing service, while the workmanship manifest in its construction, places it in a category consistent only with the reputation we enjoy

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THE keen critic of fine workmanship and design will appreciate the superlative qualities of the Lanchester "Forty." It is a masterpiece of automobile construction designed to meet every demand of the motorist desiring a most generous measure of speed combined with absolute comfort.

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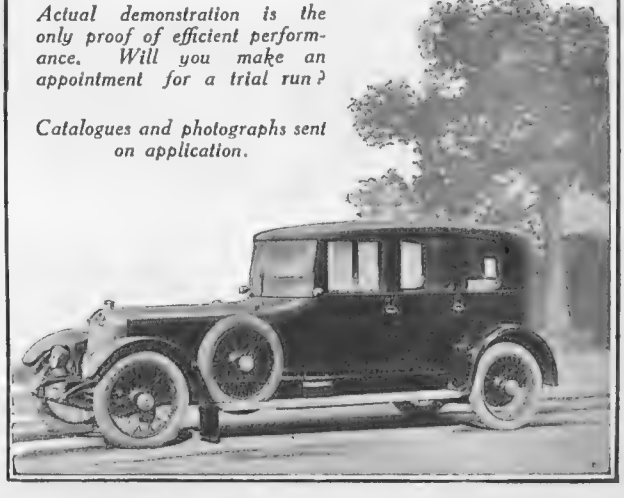

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Considerate Driving

at a high average speed

ONE of the great advantages obtained with the 40/50 h.p. Six-Cylinder Napier—*the only model we now manufacture*—is that its quick acceleration enables a high average speed to be maintained on all journeys—through traffic or on open road—without dangerous driving. Drivers of the new Napier are consequently considerate drivers, but still *maintain a high average speed.*

This wonderful acceleration is fully appreciated by all owners. If you are interested in this super car, we shall be happy to send you full particulars.

The world-famous 450 h.p. Napier Aero Engine is built in the same factory as the 40/50 h.p. Six-Cylinder Napier Motor Carriage.

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Blue, Green, or Violet Morocco Dressing Cases. Very shallow, and splendid for travelling, lined Watered Silk throughout and fitted Charming Solid Sterling Silver Toilet Set with Raised Ribbon and Reed Border; also Leather Writing Case, Jewel Case, Pin Box, Ink and Match Case, etc.

Size, 18 by 13 by 4¾ in.

£32 10s.

Other fitted Cases from £25 to £1,000

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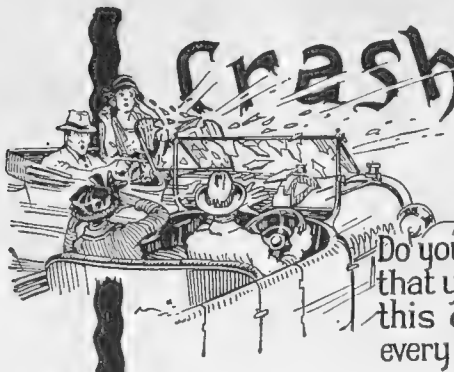
177 to 183 REGENT ST, LONDON, W·1·
By Appointment Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King Jeweller to H.M. the Queen Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales



JAGGED, splintered glass from shattered windscreens and car windows causes the majority of injuries in car accidents. Forewarned is forearmed—protect your sight—and life. Heed the warning that lurks in every piece of car glass that can splinter.

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Run your car round to your local garage or motor works, and fit Triplex. Orders dispatched in 48 hours.

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Write for catalogue B which give full details.

WITH YOUR
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—use **GOODALL'S**—
the *better* Salad Cream

Try it once and you'll never—never—willingly use another kind. That's how good it is.

YOU want your Summer salads to be *right*—of course. After you've assembled all the ingredients, you don't want their varied flavours to clash and 'fight' each other—you want them to blend into a charming, satisfying, harmonious whole. And so you need GOODALL'S Salad Cream—the blandest, smoothest, most perfect Salad Cream you—or anyone else—ever tasted.

Shakespeare himself couldn't have told you in words, how utterly perfect it is—will you just *try it*? If you are a salad lover, we guarantee you'll want to write and tell us how glad you are you've now found how to make a salad *perfect*.

Every day serve a heaping bowl of salad—

FOR the health, for the blood, for that roses-and-cream complexion—and because they can be *so* delicious—serve a salad or two every day in the season.

But never, if you want salad at its glorious best, serve it without GOODALL'S Salad Cream, the most advanced and faultless salad cream you can buy in this country, America, France, or anywhere else.

Get a bottle and *try it*! Most good grocers have stocks, but if your's hasn't, please try shop after shop. A life-time of perfect salads will repay you for the trouble, but if you wish, and will give us the names of two grocers who haven't stock, we will send you six 1/- bottles for 6/6 *post free*. Small bottles **1/-**; large **1/10**

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HAVE you a double chin? Or that ugly bagginess at the neck? Or the unsightly droop at the corners of the mouth. Are your cheeks too thin or too fat? Are your ankles too thick?

For fourteen years ELVIRA has fought and conquered these disfigurements (as dozens of testimonials will confirm). No dieting or exercises necessary. All work undertaken on Elvira's premises is guaranteed.

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No. B.176 Pure Irish Linen Single Damask Cloths and Napkins.			No. B.176 Superfine Qualities in Hemstitched Linen Sheets.		
Size 2 x 2 yds.	each	20/9 25/3	Size 2 x 3 yds	per pair	60/9 69/9
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,, 22 x 22 ins.	per doz.	24/- 28/6	,, 2½ x 3½ ,,	,,	88/9 99/6

No. B.176. Ladies' Pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs.
size about 12ins., ¼ in., hems, ... per doz. **5/9**
No. B.176. Gent's ditto, size about 17½ ins., ⅜ in. hem per doz. **9/3**

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Summer Fashions

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Charming Sports Coats

On any representative tennis court this season, scarcely second in importance to the many diversities of the Lenglen frock, comes the very necessary accompanying wrap. For the keen sportswoman these days is as determined to keep as fit as the sportsman, and, consequently, realises full well how easy it is to get a chill that may render her *hors de combat* if she fails to put on a wrap after a heated game. And this wrap, to meet the best requirements, must be at once warm and light of weight, essentials that are fulfilled by the Aquascutum Eiderscutum polo-tennis coat here pictured. It is generally conceded by all experts that this cannot be bettered for quality, cut, and wear, and it may be had either single or double-breasted, the former ranging in price from 6 guineas; a most reasonable cost taking into consideration that a specially woven and exclusive material is used, and that men tailors are responsible for the cut and workmanship.

A TENNIS COAT

This Aquascutum Eiderscutum polo-tennis coat could not be bettered for quality, cut or wear, and is a wrap that fulfils all requirements

Sketched by Betty Nisbet at Aquascutums

The "Frinton," again, is a style in which this Eiderscutum fleece is featured, a model cut on the full free lines of a man's overcoat, with Raglan sleeves, a delightfully easy slip-on that is equally popular in plain and checked Aquascutum cloth.

For the later months and the moors there are already to be found many admirable models at 100, Regent Street, notably the "Gatwick," a cape tailored from new wool and weatherproof Aquascutum and field coatings. This has a buttoned slit for the arms to pass through when required, and also cross-over straps for slinging the wrap over the shoulders.

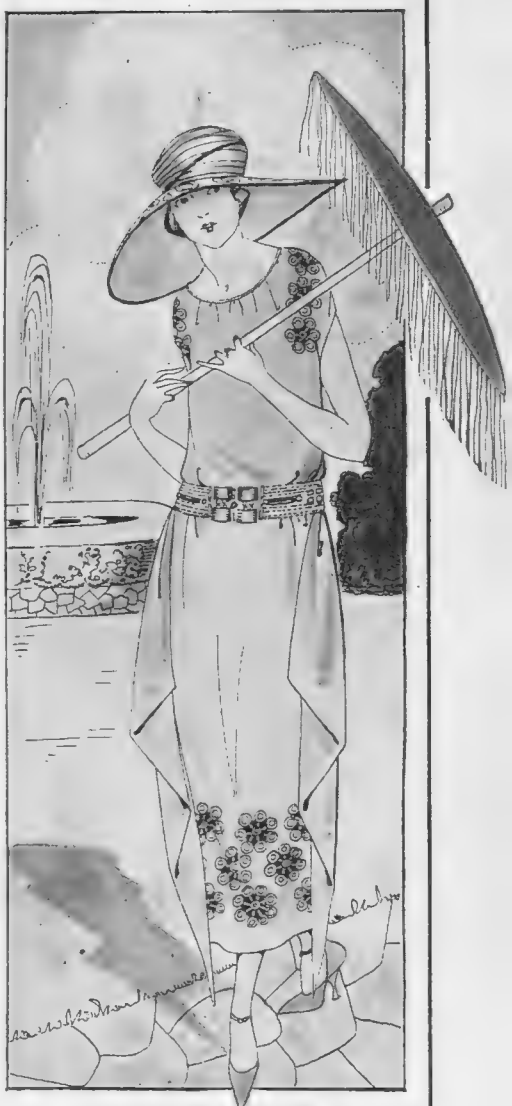
The "Glenmoor" is likewise a capital wrap, very cleverly modelled without seams, a style usually finding expression in Heatherspun tweeds.

Those who cannot pay a personal visit to the Regent Street Aquascutum establishment are advised to send for the firm's illustrated book of sports coats.

Fête and Race Frocks

It is wholly unnecessary to fly over to Paris—which is quite an ordinary, everyday experience nowadays with those who have money to fling about—to acquire the last word in *recherché* gowns. A far simpler and less costly procedure is quietly to wend one's way to Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, where everything that is latest and best in the Rue de la Paix is to be found, together with many individual models arranged on the lines laid down by *La Mode*, and which are not to be found elsewhere.

The presiding genius of the gown department here is a Frenchwoman, a chatelaine possessed of impeccable taste and a courage born of an innately fine instinct for clothes. For Ascot and garden parties, Royal and otherwise, there are frocks of organdi, the like of which have never been seen. One of these, a girlish, picturesque



A BEAUTIFUL FROCK

This is of white Marocain, very lightly and delicately treated with an open-work embroidery of Richlieu character, and with a handsome girdle of silver and white cord resting loosely on the hips. The hat is an attractive creation in black silk, with spreading sides

Sketched by Betty Nisbet at Harvey Nichols

thing of white, has the skirt trimmed at the hem and again at the hips by two narrow flat *volants*, bound with Chinese green taffetas, the simple, close-fitting corsage mounted on a small yoke cut in one with the dearest, most absurd, little chemise sleeves. At one side the waist there is pinned a posy of many-coloured flowers, and to complete this dainty *toilette* Madame ordains there shall be slung on the

A BECOMING WRAP

Of real blue wolf, this stole is one of the most becoming of the light-hued furs, and is exceptionally reasonable at 9½ guineas

Sketched by Christine Oswald at the City Fur Store

arm a reticule made of silver tissue, one-half of which is concealed beneath small, closely packed flowers. And this also is lined Chinese green.

Then a dream of a dress, for an older woman, is a study in a deep shade of mole, a rich, heavy-weight georgette being requisitioned to its cause, on which long lines of *broderie* are introduced, worked sampler beads in tone, the *broderie* effecting panels, a deep sash of the georgette swathing the hips. The *ensemble* is the epitome of elegance, dignity, and that quiet, studied simplicity of *ligne* that is always so appropriate to an English Grande Dame.

On the white *Marocain*, illustrated, very lightly and delicately treated with an open-work embroidery of Richlieu character, the *pièce de résistance* is provided in a handsome girdle loosely resting on the hips, composed of strands of silver and white silk cord, held together by great *plaques* of mother-o'-pearl, *appliqué* with dull gold. Worn by the right statuesque figure, surmounted by a large black hat, the spreading sides taking a slight downward dip, here is a creation that would catch and retain every eye.

When to Buy Clothes

THOSE who administer a dress allowance wisely and well never fail to set their furs in order at this time of the year, thereby effecting a saving that is sensationally appreciable.

It is no part of my province to comment on the large profits made on peltry during the winter months; that must be obvious to the dullest intelligences. But the furriery art is a very delicate one, and the really skilled worker is hard to get and commands high pay; so to retain the services of these autocrats during the summer months prices are drastically cut to encourage custom.

At all times a splendid establishment to deal with is the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard. These people make no grand display of premises, preferring to rely on the fine quality of their goods to bring them clients. They are what is known as working furriers, buying raw skins direct from the open market and dealing with these themselves, without the intervention of a middleman. And the result is the finest possible margin of profit.

During the next few months the prices here are very much reduced. As in the case of a four-strand, two yards long, natural skunk stole that has dropped from 30 to 12½ guineas, there is no mistaking the superb quality of the skins used, that is at once evident to the eye in the matter of colour and also to the touch, a handsome muff to match coming out at 9½ guineas.

Then there is the large animal stole, pictured, of real blue wolf, one of the most becoming of the light-hued furs. The particular example shown, although the very best of its kind, is only 9½ guineas. Others, however, smaller, shorter haired and not such colouring, commencing as low as 3 guineas. These inferior skins, it is pointed out, are incapable of taking the same dye as the better sort, the like applying to the coarser kind of skunk, the which, however, are wonderfully treated, and a stole similar to the one described above is obtainable at 6 guineas.

Kit fox is another great speciality with the City Fur Store, and the firm, as always, are perfectly frank where this pelt is concerned, the real Patagonian skins, strongly recommended for wear and beautifully marked, fetching double the price of the poorer qualities. Though a quite satisfactory animal kit fox stole can be had from 5½ guineas.

A PERFECT COIFFURE

M. Camille, of Buckingham Palace Road, is a past-master in the art of treating the hair, and his special tar treatment to promote the growth, restore and maintain the colour, has proved repeatedly successful

A Tar Treatment for the Hair

TO enumerate the numerous causes to which is due the falling out of the hair, lack of vitality, lustre and premature greyness, would take a small tome to tell, but that these ills are of everyday occurrance is a fact among young and old alike.

It is quite a common thing for children with a wealth of hair suddenly to begin to lose it all, and it is frequently more difficult to arrive at the cause with them than it is with adults.

But for any and every case there is a certain and safe cure in Jean Henry's tar treatment. The principal of this establishment at 14-16, Buckingham Palace Road is M. Camille, and it is directly due to his scientific knowledge and efforts that this tar treatment has been brought to such perfection.

From the name it will be readily surmised how it is a natural and quite harmless

(Continued on page xii)

How to Be Beautiful While Bathing

See pages 736-737

Footwear
— de —
Luxe

The "RIVIERA"
Made in Grey, Fawn, White & Black Doe-skin. Slotted with narrow strips of Kid.
Also in patent.

We hold a large stock of Pure Silk Stockings to match our footwear.

H. & M. RAYNE,
58, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.
also at
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(One minute from Piccadilly Circus).

FOR THE SUNNY DAYS

Silk Knitted Dress, with independent sash and fringe.

Price, delivered in London, **£5**

Ladies will be pleased to get a nice, comfortable and easy-to-wear dress.

The sketch shows a dress of Aine-Montaillé, which can be worn either at the seaside, the races, or in the country. Classical shades in stock ; any shade to order.

AINE-MONTAILLÉ
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Splendid Values in Men's Sports Wear

POST ORDERS should be accompanied by remittance or usual trade reference.

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New Combination Sports Shirt
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New Sports Garment, combining Tennis Shirt and Knee Shorts. This ideal Sports Shirt will not ruck up, and allows perfect freedom of movement. Stocked to fit short, medium or tall men.

In Cream Cotton Taffeta **10/6** In Cream Union Ceylon Flannel, unshrinkable **19/6** In Fine All-Wool Taffeta **25/-**

Special Offer
White Scotch Gauze Summer Underwear
Made from a carefully twisted yarn of fine Wool with just sufficient Cotton to render it unshrinkable. The result is an exceedingly soft fabric of the very best wearing qualities. This is the most wonderful value offered by us for years.

Trunk Drawers, Vests, Pants.
All one price each garment **7/6**
Also finest Scotch Silk and Merino Underwear, Delightfully soft and cool.
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SWEATERS.
Best Scotch make, plain stitch, with polo, stand collar or open neck. Sizes : 36, 38 or 40 ins. chest **17/9**
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THE "ECLECTIC" GOLF COAT
(As sketch) perfect in comfort and fit. In fine All-Wool Stockinette, improved Norfolk shape, half belt and button pockets. Sizes : 38, 40, 42 ins. chest. **42/-**
44 ins. chest 3/- extra.
Loose Cardigan shape, no belt or lapel, same quality and finish. Sizes : 38, 40, 42 ins. chest. **26/6**
44 ins. 3/- extra.
Colours : Grey, Heather, Lovat, or Brown.

FREDERICK GORRINGE Ltd., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

The agonizing pain of Neuralgia

banished in less than 10 minutes after one dose of

GENASPRIN

(The Safe Brand of aspirin)

4, Lowther Road,
Doncaster.

May 13th, 1922.

Gentlemen,

I should be seriously lacking in gratitude if I did not write to say how the agonizing pain of Neuralgia disappeared entirely after taking *one* dose of Genasprin (2 Tablets in water).

Some time ago I was in such pain that I had to leave my work at the office and walk about the streets in agony. Then the advertisement of "Genasprin" caught my eye and I walked straight into Boots' and bought a bottle of tablets. I went home and took two tablets (in water) and in less than ten minutes I was smiling again and I returned straightway to my work. So sudden was my cure that I believe my colleague thought I had been "swinging the lead.

I have not had a return of the pain up to the present, and I can assure you that if I do, I shall not have to endure it long.

I always make a point of recommending Genasprin to my friends.

Yours truly,

R. G. HORWOOD.

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To GENATOSAN, Ltd.,
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Please send me a Free Sample of Genasprin Tablets and Explanatory Booklet. I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.

Name .....

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Dept. B.

Once you have experienced for yourself the wonderful pain-relieving effect of Genasprin you will take care never to be without it. Your Chemist sells it, price 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets—but see that he gives you Genasprin, not ordinary "aspirin."

Write to-day for this FREE SAMPLE

Flannels Cleaned in FOUR DAYS

Flannels received by us on Monday are returned, beautifully cleaned, on the following Saturday. Our charge (including free collection by nearest Branch) is only 1/9 per pair.

And being "cleaned" in the "Achille Serre Way" is something very different from being "washed." The material is kept soft and fleecy; the purity of colour is retained and shrinking is avoided. Write or telephone for address of Branch near you.

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Branches and Agents Everywhere.

K.17.

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"What do you consider a big asset to your play?" and he replied, "Safe tread; that means steady stance." And then we realised the ordinary shoe did not give this safety, so we set about evolving "a better shoe for golfers."

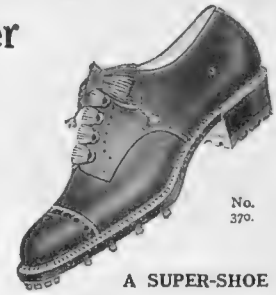
The SCOT Golf Shoe (Reg'd.) is the tangible result. It has a tread which "always grips—never slips." The grip nails in the sole are placed only where they are needed, and the rubber heel is a sure-gripping device, built into the shoe heel so that it cannot come apart. On the course it's a Golfer's shoe; in the Club-house or drawing room it's a dress shoe—there's nothing noisy or clumsy about the tread.

J. H. Taylor says—
"I find it most excellent in every way."

YOU CANNOT BUY A BETTER SHOE

Write for Illustrated List to Dept. B13

Single Shoes sent on approbation.



A SUPER-SHOE

The favoured Derby Style. Uppers of a super-grade quality Box or Willow Calf. Finest sole leather obtainable. Welted as hand-sewn. In colours Brown or Black. A handsome model for Ladies Wear.

POST 45/- FREE.

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GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

For the smart House Party you should see the beautiful gowns coming in daily from our workrooms. No illustrations can suggest their charm or their value.

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Elegant walking Frock of black soft silk Mireille with coloured stripes; bell sleeves. The skirt has an attractive draped tunic at back and captive panels at front; hand-made cabochon belt to tone. In Black/Lizard Green, Black/Violet, Black/Fuchsia. PRICE **5½ Gns.**

SUNSHADES, in various materials and all colours, **11/9** to **27/6**; smart EN TOUT CAS in all colours, **21/9, 25/9.**

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Charming Frock suitable for afternoon or dinner wear, in fashionable shades of good quality crêpe de Chine. Beautifully beaded and extremely becoming. In Black/Steel, Tan/Brown, Brown/Bronze, Mole/Steel, Grey/Steel and many other shades. PRICE **10 Gns.**

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Pure New Wool and Weatherproof.

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PURE New Wool, weatherproof and self-ventilating. Made in many styles. Colours include fawns, browns, greens, lovats, greys, etc.

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7 & 8 Gns.
Other models from
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Coats sent on approval against remittance or London trade reference.

Mention of "Bystander" will bring catalogue and patterns by return. Agents in principal towns.

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STORY'S "ROSE BOUQUET" CRETONNE

A charming Floral scheme printed on Five different grounds—Light Grey, Dark Grey, Black, Light Blue and Mauve. 50 inches wide (DOUBLE WIDTH) 16/- per yard.

One of STORY'S many beautiful Flower effects.

Patterns sent free.

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STORY & CO., LTD., 49-53, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.

'EASTERN·FOAM' VANISHING CREAM

Enduring Beauty

With the unveiling of Summer, there returns the joy of long days of brilliant sunshine—wonderful days at the Seaside and in the Country—Tennis, Boating, Cycling and other recreations.

What could add more to the joy of Summer than the promise of enduring beauty? 'EASTERN FOAM' Vanishing Cream holds this promise for YOU—the "Cream of Fascination" will keep your skin beautifully clear and fresh throughout the hottest day, imparting a velvety bloom to the complexion. It will protect your skin from freckles, blistering, and other unwelcome effects of the sun.

'EASTERN FOAM' should be applied not only to the face, but to the neck and arms—it has a wonderful whitening effect upon the skin. Its exclusive perfume is delightfully refreshing.

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Away —— at home. Use 'EASTERN·FOAM'

I'll mow that lawn to-morrow night!

The depth of comfort and length of life of the Buoyant Chair are in its unique & exclusive system of springing

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EASY CHAIRS & SETTEES

All good Furnishing Houses sell Buoyant Chairs. Prices from Seven Guineas

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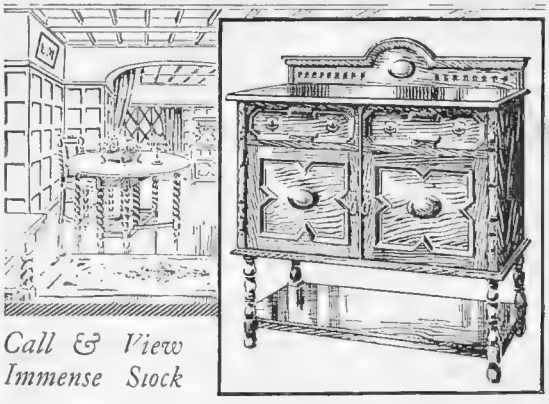

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FOR CASH OR ON EASY TERMS.

Homes of Comfort and Stability.

This great Secondhand Furniture Emporium covers **500,000 square feet of floor space,** on which are displayed **£100,000 worth of High-Grade Secondhand Furniture Bargains.** Critics are amazed at the unlimited variety to be seen at Jelks'.

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All CALCOTT Cars are fitted with Dunlop Tyres.

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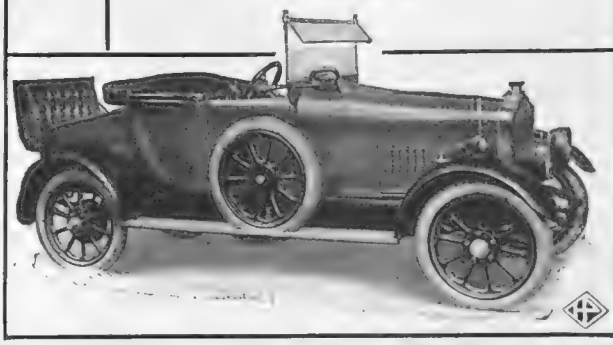

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At the Dance
always use the cooling and refreshing "4711." Inhaled, this delightful perfume quickly banishes that tired look or feeling of fatigue, restoring brightness to the spirits and charm to the appearance.

A FEW DROPS of this absolutely pure and original "4711" in the washing basin daily—morning and night—cleanse the pores of the skin and improve the complexion.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Gives Perfection to the COMPLEXION

NOTHING equals Regesan Cream for preserving and beautifying the skin and complexion. It has a definite tonic-action that is wonderfully refreshing, and a little applied to the face, neck and hands, acts as an admirable protection against the adverse effects of sun, wind and weather. Regesan Cream is pure and emollient and does not encourage hair growth. It frees the pores of the skin from dust, and takes away blemishes.

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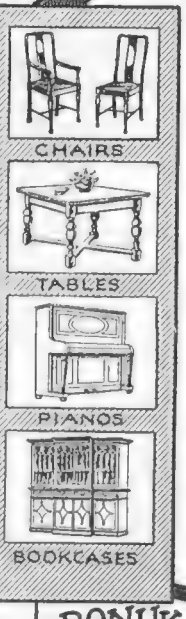
Furniture Cream is splendid!



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Every Garment of reliable quality, made by Sports Tailors of wide experience.

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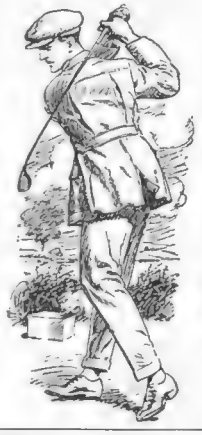

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ALL SIZES.
Grey Flannel, 21/-, 30/-, 35/-.
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Fine West of England Flannel, to measure 45/-

Ready-to-wear Sporting and Golfing Jackets in Scotch and Irish Homespuns and Tweeds 36, 38, 40 and 42 chest. 45/-, 50/-, 55/-.

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GOLF KNICKER SUITS in Tweeds and Homespuns. Fine value 70/-, 84/-.

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No. 4534 Oxford Shoe, Louis Heel. Made in Nigger and Grey Suède, also in Patent Leather.

A pair of shoes should mean as much to you as a hat—so why not give them the same thought?

THE footwear certainly plays as much part in the perfect toilet as the hat. Ladies who recognise this really obvious truth and appreciate good shoes at economical prices are permanent customers for

Portland
A SHOE OF QUALITY

Ask for Portland by name at your shoe shop.

In case of difficulty write to the manufacturers
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THE Wrap illustrated is of genuine fine quality dark **NATURAL SKUNK**, soft and silky in texture, well made, lined strong brocade, 4 strands wide, 2 yards long, and will wear a lifetime. The season price of this wrap was 30 Gns., we now offer it at the low price of

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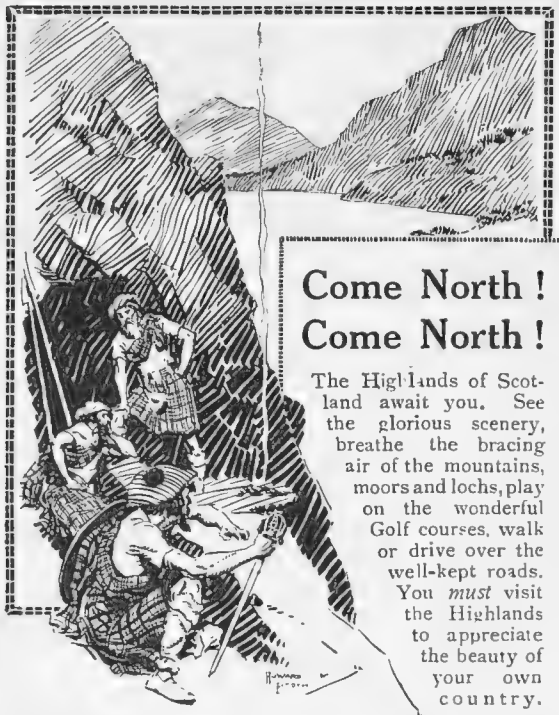
Not a Shop—Showrooms 1st and 2nd Floors.



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The Highlands of Scotland await you. See the glorious scenery, breathe the bracing air of the mountains, moors and lochs, play on the wonderful Golf courses, walk or drive over the well-kept roads. You *must* visit the Highlands to appreciate the beauty of your own country.

Easy and convenient to reach via

THE HIGHLAND RAILWAY

An ideal holiday haunt for every taste.

TRAVEL VIA WEST COAST ROUTE.

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Miss Carrie Tubb says

"The refreshing properties of Pond's preparations (including Pond's Vanishing and Cold Creams) are most beneficial, and I cannot speak too highly of them for use on all occasions."

Your skin needs *Two* creams—Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect its delicacy during the day—Pond's Cold Cream to renew its youth during the night. Pond's (the Original) Vanishing Cream, vanishes instantly, leaving no sign of use save a delightful odour of Jacqueminot Roses. Pond's Cold Cream applied before retiring to rest supplements the natural oil of the skin, cleanses the pores, and prevents the formation of lines and wrinkles. The use of these two creams is a pleasant way to guard your skin from the ill effects of sun, wind and rain, and so prevent redness and roughness.

CAUTION

Some face creams encourage the growth of hair. You are safe with Pond's Creams, which never promote the growth of hair.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both Creams of all Chemists & Stores in handsome Opal Jars, 1/3 & 2/6; also collapsible Tubes, 7½d. (handbag size) & 1/-.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 101) 71, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream

BAA

The Morning Greeting

CROWN
Tooth Paste

One of the CROWN Toilet Dainties

EACH morning CROWN Tooth Paste greets you as an old friend. It has a pleasant fruit flavour which stimulates the flow of saliva and freshens the mouth. It makes the teeth white and lustrous, yet contains nothing that will injure the enamel.

The Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. ·:· Established 1872 ·:· London, Paris and New York.

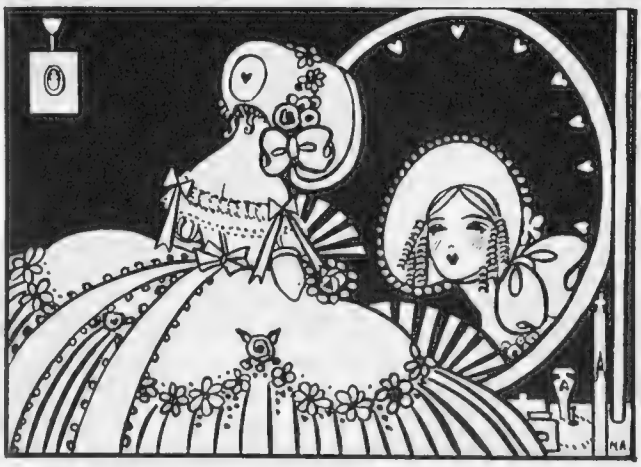
C P 27–110

Chivers' Jellies

Flavoured with ripe Fruit Juices

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD.,

THE ORCHARD FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE



How to be Attractive.

JUST innocent delight! Sheer joyousness! Exquisite content! Then the surge and flood of happy thoughts! This is every woman's experience when for the first time she realises her own attractiveness. But what different feelings are hers if later her mirror has something unkind to tell; some warning to impart. For all such women there is certain comfort, help and restoration. It is especially to aid them that Elizabeth Arden, who has beautiful Salons in New York and Paris, has now opened one in London at 25 Old Bond Street.

HER skill in the art of both preserving and restoring a woman's attractiveness is the result of prolonged study and many years' experience. If you go to her she will remedy every blemish. What does your mirror say? Have your eyes lost their lustre and become sunken? Are the lights fading from your hair? Is your neck losing its beautiful curve? Are there ugly lines between nose and chin and by the side of the ears? Is there a withered look about your throat?

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S Muscle-Strapping Method—kneading, patting and moulding of the muscles, will preserve and perfect the contour of the face and enrich the texture of the skin. Sagging and relaxed muscles will disappear. Lines round the eyes will vanish. The skin will become strong, fine-pored and firm. It will regain its purity and sheen.

Consult Elizabeth Arden either personally or by post. A line will bring "The Quest of the Beautiful," which tells you about the Arden Treatment and the wonderful Venetian Preparations.

Venetian Beauty Box

This is a beautiful pink-enamelled box containing a complete supply of the Arden Venetian Preparations and every woman will find it indispensable for travelling; it can be fitted with leather case if required. The largest box contains 22 preparations, price 150/-; another 15 preparations, 75/-; and the smallest 8 preparations, 60/-

Telephone: Regent 5565 for appointment.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

25h·OLD BOND ST·LONDON·W

673·FIFTH AVENUE·NEW YORK·255·RUE ST·HONORÉ·PARIS

"I require your Advertisements to persuade myself they are not Real Pearls"

Wrote a customer who, prior to ordering a necklet of

Ciro Pearls

had grave doubts as to our ability to support the claims made in our advertisements.

The letter, the original of which anyone can see, reads:—

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of the Ciro Pearl Necklace, and would like to express my appreciation of the prompt manner in which you attended to my order, especially as I left it so close. I must say that I am delighted with the pearls. Frankly, I could not persuade myself that your claims for them could be substantiated, but now I require your advertisements to persuade myself that they are not real pearls. Altogether, the pearls in their case make the finest gift I have yet seen."

The value for money expended on Ciro Pearls is obvious when they thus exceed all expectations. If you come to our Showrooms your own eyes will convince you, or, if you cannot, avail yourself of

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a Necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl Jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl Necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 7 sent post free on application

Ciro Pearls Ltd.

39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 7.

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyd's Bank. Near Piccadilly.

SUMMER FASHIONS (continued)

preparation, being made from tar derivatives, so long known for their healthful properties. But its now splendid efficaciousness is M. Camille's secret, and he undertakes through its agency to promote growth, restore and maintain the colour, and also to impart the lovely healthful gloss that is essential to all perfectly turned-out heads. A complete course takes no more than a fortnight, and can be carried on at home for the exceedingly modest expenditure of 21*s.* post free. There are three preparations, respectively, concentrated tar shampoo powder, 1*s.* 3*d.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*; tar pomade, 5*s.*, and tar lotion, the latter ranging from 7*s.* 6*d.* the bottle.

A further invention of M. Camille's is the Radio-Electric Steam Bath, which is a remarkable advance on similar treatments for dealing with loss of vitality and the growth of hair. This can be used alone, although in many cases it is materially aided allied with the tar preparations. But M. Camille is pleased to give free advice to all who care to visit him at Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

Satisfaction Ensured

In these somewhat disordered times it is really stimulating to find an English firm of manufacturers with the whole-hearted confidence in their goods displayed by Messrs. Hollins and Co., Ltd., of "Viyella" Flannel fame. Hollins and Co. guarantee that in the unlikely event of any of their garments shrinking, fading, or failing to satisfy for any reasonable fault, they will esteem it a favour if they are informed that they may have the opportunity of proving that the guarantee is a guarantee not only in name, but in fact. Messrs. Hollins and Co. rightly consider that to ensure the customer's unqualified satisfaction justifies any trouble and expense.

A GREAT ACTRESS

A recent portrait of Miss Ellen Terry with a pet kitten. She is arranging a special matinée at the Palace Theatre on Tuesday, June 27, in aid of the Women's League of Service for Motherhood. Miss Terry will appear with a great number of theatrical celebrities, which will ensure the matinée's success

Houses for Workers

Housing schemes involving an investment of £75,000 have been launched by Cadbury Brothers, Ltd., at Bournville for the benefit of their workers. For this purpose stock and mortgages to the amount mentioned have been handed over to the trustees of the Men's and Women's Pensions Funds. Of the total sum about £40,000 is to be invested with the Works Housing Society (initiated in 1919) on first mortgages of houses to be erected by that body, which will be let to employees of the firm. Advances will be made on such mortgages up to two-thirds of the cost of the houses, interest being at 4 per cent. per annum.

Foresight in Business

One of the most remarkable present-day examples of business foresight is instanced in the phenomenal popularity of the City de Luxe pipe. Its makers, who, by the way, are also the

(*Continued on page* xiv)

MUCH of the charm of really good chocolates lies in the variety and originality of their centres. There are nearly a hundred different varieties of

Maison Lyons Chocolates

to choose from, each delightful in flavour. A special preference for hard, marzipan or cream centres is catered for by the great variety in each of these kinds. **4/- lb.**

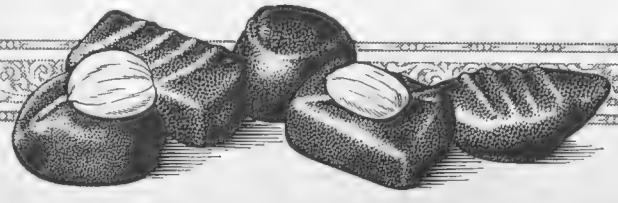
The "Red Seal" Series—three distinct assortments of specially selected chocolates — 'hard,' 'soft,' & assorted centres

Large Box, **5/-** Smaller Box, **2/6**

Sold in the Salons at the

MAISON LYONS, 370, OXFORD STREET; LYONS' CORNER HOUSE; STRAND CORNER HOUSE; MAISON LYONS, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE; and 211, REGENT ST.

MAISON LYONS CHOCOLATES ARE SOLD BY MOST HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.



J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., London, W.

Barclay's London Lager

WHEN a relentless sun is scorching the streets and the pavement becomes hot beyond endurance—then the shade of a cool restaurant is welcome; a lunch of crisp lettuce, cucumber and a cold joint, and—for final perfection—a glass of Barclay's London Lager, deliciously cooled and refreshing.

TRY A BOTTLE TO-DAY.

Brewed by
Barclay, Perkins & Co., Ltd.,
Southwark, S.E. 1

GENUINE PRODUCTS of a famous SCOTTISH INDUSTRY

Home Spun Tweeds, hand-woven by Highland Crofters in the inimitable manner of long generations. Flawless texture, warm and beautifully blended colours.

Fair Isle Wear—famous since the 16th century. **Hand-knitted Hose, Scarves, Jumpers, Tams and Mufflers**—in a variety of unique designs and delightful shades. **Shetland Wear, Real Vicuna and Tartan Travelling Rugs, Correct Highland Dress and Sporting Attire.**

The Premier Scottish Ladies' and Men's Tailoring House for the **real** thing at a **reasonable** price—with nearly a Century's Reputation for Quality, Style and Fit.

Patterns and particulars on request.

Macdougall & Co. Ltd

LONDON 42, Sackville Street (Nr. Piccadilly Circus) & High Street **INVERNESS**

Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap

Brings to the toilet the clean, fresh fragrance of the scented lavender garden.

Exquisitely pure, it refines the skin and keeps the complexion youthful.

Price 3/6 per box of 3 large tablets.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores, and from:

YARDLEY & CO., LTD.
8, New Bond Street, London, W.
Perfumery and Fine Soap Makers
by Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

SUMMER FASHIONS (concluded)

makers of the well-known G.B.D. Brand, rightly foresaw a growing demand for a better grade pipe at a popular price. To meet this demand, the City de Luxe was ultimately offered to the public at the popular price of 5*s.* 6*d.*

A Golf Record

"Seventy-two holes and not a mark on the ball!" This is a comment received by the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., from their South African House, after an inspection of the Dunlop "162" golf ball played by Fred Jangle in the South African Golf Championship. The wonderful condition of the ball after seventy-two holes caused quite a sensation in South African golfing circles.

The Romance of the West

A first series of twelve of the old legends and romances of the West Country has just been issued in leaflet form by the Great Western Railway. These leaflets, which are attractively illustrated and printed, deal six with Cornwall and six with Wales. Amongst other of these old tales retold are those of the building of St. Michael's Mount; The Mermaid of Zennor; The Story of Bala Lake; and the History of Wales' patron saint, St. David. This interesting series is issued under the title of "The Line to Legendland," and copies may be obtained at any of the G.W.R. stations and offices.

A Guide to the Highlands

The chief object of all visitors to Scotland is to see the Highlands, and it cannot be too emphatically stated that the only railway to the Highlands and in the Highlands is the Highland Railway, which starts at Perth and ends at Wick, and the official A.B.C. Tourist Guide to the Highlands of Scotland will afford the public the easiest and simplest method of obtaining exactly the information they want with regard to the many places of beauty and interest situated upon the Highland line. This, together with all information, can be had on application to the Traffic Manager, Highland Railway, Inverness.

A VIEW OF LYNMOUTH

An attractive photograph taken from the grounds of the Valley of the Rocks Hotel at Lynton, showing Lynmouth in the background

The Power of Publicity

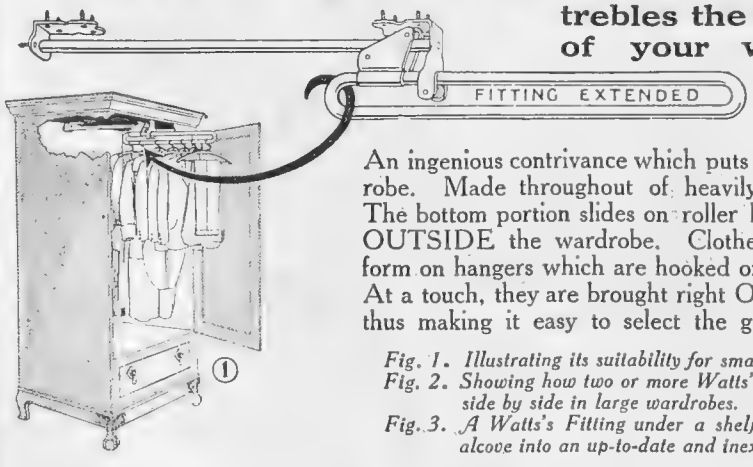
It is an axiom of to-day that all good things are advertised. Advertisement has, indeed, become the touchstone of quality. Interest in advertising is, therefore, universal, and accordingly everyone will find much of great interest in "World-Wide Publicity," which has been issued by the well-known advertising agents and experts, Messrs. Frederick E. Potter, of Imperial House, Kingsway, in celebration of their semi-jubilee, it being twenty-five years since this business was started by Mr. F. E. Potter.

Glorious Devon

In all England there is nothing, perhaps, to quite compare with the beauty of the North Devon country, and in deciding where to spend the holiday of the year one could not do better than take into consideration the immortalised Doone Valley, with its leafy lanes and acres of golden gorse, flooded always with warm sun. And at Lynton, overlooking Lynmouth and the Channel, there is the Valley of the Rocks Hotel, an ideal place for an ideal holiday. The London & South Western Railway run an efficient service from Waterloo, and all particulars of the hotel, tariff, trains, etc., will be gladly supplied on application to the Publicity Department at Waterloo.

Watts's Patent Wardrobe Fitting

trebles the capacity of your wardrobe



An ingenious contrivance which puts order into the wardrobe. Made throughout of heavily nickel-plated steel. The bottom portion slides on roller bearings and extends OUTSIDE the wardrobe. Clothes are kept in perfect form on hangers which are hooked on this sliding portion. At a touch, they are brought right OUT of the wardrobe thus making it easy to select the garment required.

Fig. 1. Illustrating its suitability for small wardrobes.
Fig. 2. Showing how two or more Watts's Fittings can be fixed side by side in large wardrobes.
Fig. 3. A Watts's Fitting under a shelf converts a corner or alcove into an up-to-date and inexpensive wardrobe.

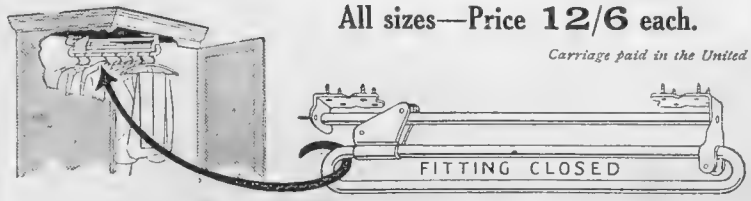
Easy to fix—nothing to go wrong. Suitable for Ladies' or Gentlemen's clothing. Various sizes, from 10 to 20 inches (when closed). When ordering, state INSIDE back-to-front wardrobe measurement. Send for descriptive list.

JOHN WATTS, Dept. B, Lambert Works, SHEFFIELD

Established over 150 years.

All sizes—Price 12/6 each. Hangers from 1/6 each.

Carriage paid in the United Kingdom.



Permanent exhibition of Trousers Presses, Wardrobes, Wardrobe Fittings, etc.

24 Redcross Street, London, E.C.1.

(near Aldersgate Street Station)

FOR SORE, TIRED TENDER FEET

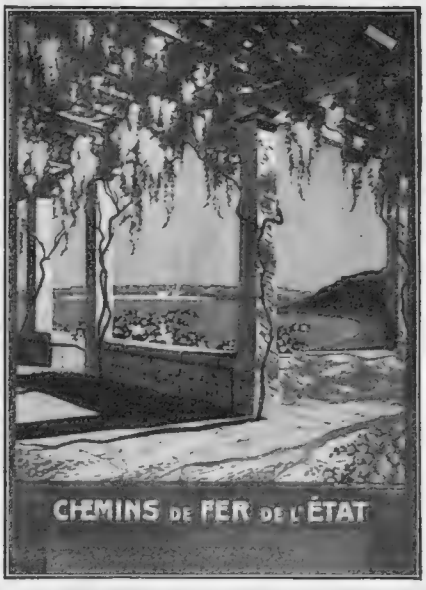
WHEN THEY

Burn, Smart, Swell Itch, Blister, Perspire and form Corns and Callouses.

THIS IS ALL YOU NEED

Try the highly *medicated* and *oxygenated* footbath, which can be prepared by adding Reudel Bath Saltrates to plain water. Refreshing, soothing, healing and antiseptic, its wonderful effects upon sore, tired muscles, aching bones, irritated nerves, and sensitive skin make you feel like dancing with joy, and quickly render walking a real pleasure again. Money back in full, immediately, and without a question, if you are dissatisfied. Millions of packages have been sold, every one with the guarantee enclosed. Sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, and must convince even the most sceptical of its real merit. In convenient sizes and at very low prices from chemists everywhere. Ask them to tell you about Reudel Bath Saltrates.

DELIGHTFUL DINARD.



DINARD is undoubtedly one of the most delightful resorts on the beautiful coast of Brittany, and year after year it is thronged with visitors from England and Paris. It is very easily reached from England by the fine Channel steamers belonging to the London and South Western Railway, there being a direct service from Waterloo to St. Malo, the other side of the Rance, which is one of the prettiest rivers in France.

Dinard possesses a magnificent Hotel—the Royal, two Casinos, an excellent golf course, famous tennis courts and first-class bathing.

The coast scenery is delightful, and the excursion from Dinard to Dinan is one of the sights of France.

An-on LOOSE-FITTING Underwear

ALLOWS THE SKIN TO BREATHE.

Gives perfect freedom to every movement of the body, and is soft and soothing to the skin.

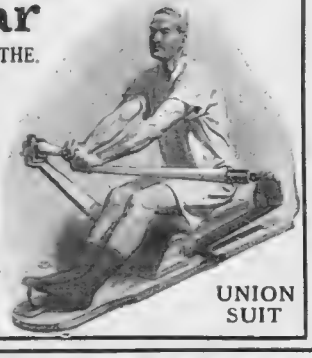
The Union Suits are TIME-SAVING and BOTHERLESS. TWO GARMENTS IN ONE.

Sold at all high-class shops, in sizes graded to fit all figures — in Drawers, Vests, and Union Suits in fine All-wool Taffeta; Pure Silk (white and coloured), mixed Wool and Cotton.

For your own protection see that the registered name "AN-ON" is on every garment

List of agents, patterns, and price list will be sent on application to

AN-ON, 2, PLAYHOUSE YARD, E.C.1



UNION SUIT

Faulkner & Son

LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S BOOTMAKERS

51 & 52, South Molton Street

BOND STREET LONDON, W.1.

and at Camberley and Cambridge.

Faulkners' Shoes are made chiefly to measure, from the choicest materials, by workmen of exceptional skill.

Estd 1871.

THE makers of the famous ONOTO PEN invite you to try

Onoto the Pencil

ALWAYS SHARP

A new, *always sharp* pencil, simple in use and solid in construction. In Gold, Rolled Gold, Silver, etc. Prices from **7/-** to **£10.**

Ask your Stationer to show you one.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & Co., LTD., 110, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1.

Manufacturers and Printers of Postage and Revenue Stamps, Bank Notes, Bonds, Cheques, Certificates, etc.

Humber

While nothing is wanting in the matter of appearance and comfort to satisfy the most critical taste, every Humber Car is primarily designed with a view to the utmost efficiency in performance and economy of upkeep. The general arrangement and equipment of both chassis and body have elicited the praise of independent motor experts and the unqualified approval of owner-drivers.

All-Weather equipment standardized to open models.

Write to-day for Art Catalogue.

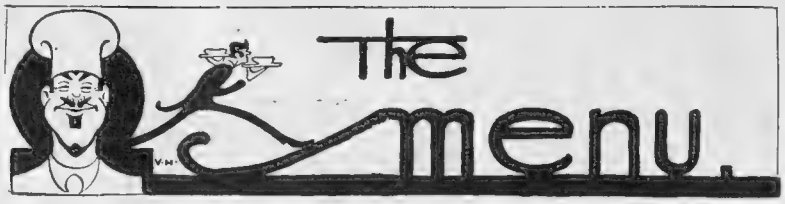
HUMBER LTD., Coventry.

LONDON:

City Showrooms: 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

West End Showrooms and Export Dept.:

HUMBER HOUSE, 94, New Bond Street, W.



ICES AND SUMMER DRINKS

MOSELLE CUP
RHENISH CUP
AMERICAN ICE CREAM
LEMON SYLLABUB
MELON ICE
GRAPE FRUIT - PINEAPPLE SHERBERT
ICE CREAM SODAS

Moselle Cup

PUT in the bottom of a jug 1 oz. of broken sugar-candy, a sprig of borage, one sliced lemon, half a glass of brandy, and a bottle of sparkling moselle, let the jug stand in ice for an hour, also place two bottles of seltzer water on ice, and just before serving add the latter to the moselle.

Rhenish Cup

Take with each bottle of white wine a sprig of borage, a quarter of an orange cut in small slices, and about 2 ozs. of castor sugar. A few lumps of ice should be added. This is a very old recipe, and highly recommended.

American Ice Cream

One pint of cream, well sweetened with castor sugar the yolks of two eggs beaten, the whites of the eggs beaten very stiff and flavoured with vanilla. Stir the yolks well into the cream, then the whites lightly, and freeze immediately. Some bananas, making a pint in all, mashed to a pulp and flavoured with lemon, makes it a banana ice cream.

Lemon Syllabub

Rub the rind off three lemons on to some lumps of sugar, and then pound the lumps, and add it to more castor sugar, in all six ounces. Add this to a pint of whipped cream with the juice of the three lemons, fill custard glasses, and put in the ice safe to freeze.

Melon Ice

Cut off the top of the melon so as to make a lid. Have a gill of cream, and scoop out as much pulp as the weight of the cream: Mix with 4 ozs. of sugar, add the whipped cream, and mix thoroughly. Freeze, and replace in the melon, putting on the lid with a silver skewer through it, so that it is easy to remove. Slices of melon can be handed with the ice

Grape Fruit-Pineapple Sherbert

In one tablespoonful of cold water, soak one teaspoonful of gelatine ; add two tablespoonsful of boiling water, and mix with one and a half cups of grape fruit pulp, one cup of grated pineapple, one of castor sugar, and three-fourths of a cup of water. Freeze. Make up to a quart of liquid with iced water.

Ice Cream Sodas

Put into a long soda-water tumbler a good tablespoonful of any fruit syrup to taste, and the same of well-whipped and iced cream, flavoured with vanilla, also some pieces of broken up ice, and fill up with iced soda-water. A plain sugar and water syrup can be used instead of the fruit syrup, adding coffee essence to taste. EMILIA

VICHY (France)
First-class Thermal Establishment
Season from May till October.

The Vichy Waters are prescribed for Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, Diabetes, Congestion of the Liver, Stomach Troubles and affections of the Digestive Organs, Kidneys, Bladder, etc.
Vichy is situated at the foot of the Auvergne Mountains, surrounded by charming country, and the Establishment is considered to be the finest in the world.
Casino, Golf, Tennis, Horse Racing.
Hotel RADIO : Hotel and Restaurant under medical control ; especially equipped for those visitors wishing to DIET.
Six Hours from Paris by Direct Train.

MALOJA
SWITZERLAND.
Popular Summer Resort in Engadine.
NEW AUTOMOBILE ROUTE.
Well-known Golf Links and Tennis Courts.
PALACE HOTEL
Moderate Terms. First-class Comfort.
G. FOXLEY, Manager.

AN INFUSION OF LIFE
RENOWNED FOR SIXTY YEARS
Champagne
LEMOINE
CUVÉE ROYALE
℄ *Insist on Lemoine Champagne at your Favourite Hotel or Restaurant.*
Vineyards & Establishments: Rilly la Montagne, Reims
JAMES L. DENMAN & COMPANY, LTD., LONDON

Belles of Bygone Days

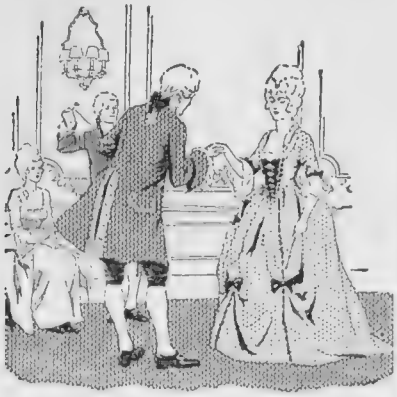
Letter from Miss Phillis Evander, of London, to Miss Chloe Pomeroy of King's Hatton, Devon.

June, 1765.

My Dearest Chloe,

How long do you continue your rustick pleasure? Positively I languish for your company. I have nothing but ill to say of the Countrie, since I find rustick pleasures but a melancholie distraction, and since Betty's discoverie of a certain simple, it is no longer necessary for the sallowest Miss to seek a milkmaid's roses farther than a mile from St. James'. The dear child brings me secretly from the Apothecaries some ounces of a magical Wax called Mercolized, which has marvellously improved my complexion. At Lady Paynting's rout last night I had a thousand Beaux and was complimented by Sir Jeremy Jay, who is mighty difficult to please, on the freshness of my appearance. Shall I obtain some of the Wax for you, dearest Chloe? It works on a new Principle, by absorbing the outer cuticle, thus exposing and displaying to full advantage the unblemished skin beneath. Use it, child: 't is miraculous, but remember 't is my secret. I vow I will not touch cosmeticks again. Write soon to your devoted

Phyllida.



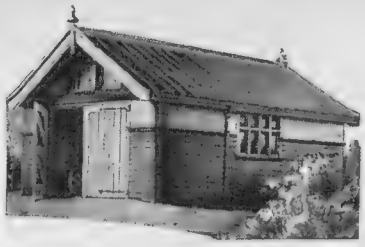
At Lady Paynting's Rout.

WHEN YOU TAKE OFF YOUR HAT.

Summer-time brings out the best and the worst in woman's looks. The warm weather tempts us to throw off our hats and enjoy the sun and breeze on our bare heads. But what a pitiful revelation the removal of a pretty hat can be! Too often the hair beneath is thin and dull, and the pitiless sun searches out every split hair and faded streak. Yet beautiful hair is the right of every woman, young and old, plain and pretty.

We all start with equal chances in the matter of hair, but, through ignorance or neglect, numbers of women let the condition of their locks deteriorate in an alarming manner. Most people are dreadfully careless in the choice of a shampoo. Many shampoos dry up the roots of the hair and cause it to become thin and brittle.

A perfect shampoo is pure stallax. It has the unique property of acting as a tonic as well as a cleanser. Instead of drying up the natural oil supply of the hair it re-charges the cells with all that they have lost by coming into contact with water or other injurious agents. If you use this simple shampoo, you need have no fear of exposing your hair to the most searching light: the sun will do no more than show up its beauty and lustre.



Inexpensive Motor House B 202.

YOU can have a soundly-built B. & P. garage erected in your own grounds or garden at small cost, and in less than three weeks from date of order. The illustration shows House No. B202, which can be delivered immediately. It is portable, *i.e.*, made in sections. Write to-day for sizes and prices.

Folding Chairs for Parks & Gardens

Strong, well-made and comfortable chairs (as illustrated) can be delivered immediately from stock. Full particulars and prices on application.

Boulton & Paul Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS, NORWICH

HEDGES & BUTLER Ltd,

WINE MERCHANTS to H.M. THE KING and H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

	From per doz.		From per doz.
SHERRY ...	42/-	BURGUNDY	36/-
PORT	54/-	CHABLIS	36/-
CLARET ...	30/-	MOSELLE	36/-
SAUTERNE ...	36/-	CHAMPAGNE ...	120/-

BRANDY, WHISKEY, RUM, GIN, &c.

New Wine Lists on application.

153, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
BRIGHTON & BOURNEMOUTH.

Tel: 52 Broxbourne

LT.-COL. RICHARDSON'S AIREDALES

SPECIALLY TRAINED AGAINST **BURGLARS** for **LADIES' GUARDS**

From 10 Gns. PUPS 7 Gns.

Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts
30 mins. from Liverpool Street

Amateur Photographers

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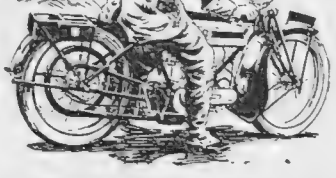

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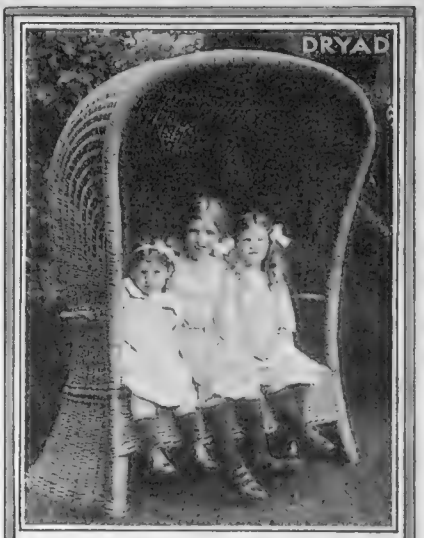

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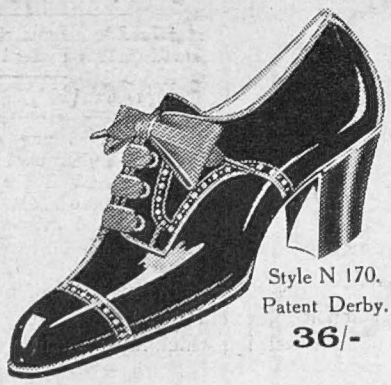

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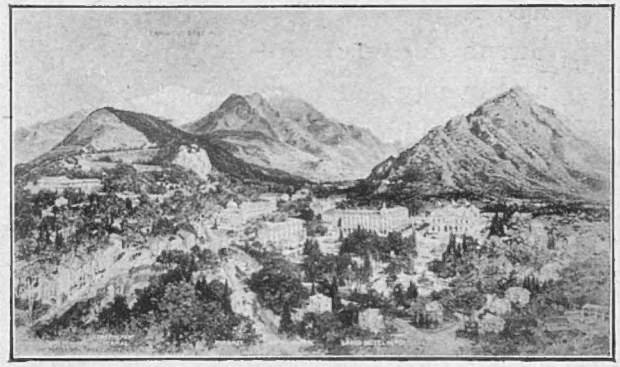

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